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CHILD LIFE IN MISSION LANDS

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READY FOR SCHOOL.

THE FORWARD MISSION STUDY COURSES
EDITED BY AMOS R. WELLS AND S. EARL TAYLOR
Editorial Committee of the Young People's Missionary Movement

Child Life in Mission Lands

EDITED BY

RALPH E. DIFFENDORFER

"And a little child shall lead them"

CINCINNATI: JENNINGS AND GRAHAM
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AMOS R. WELLS AND S. EARL TAYLOR

PREFACE.

It is the purpose of this text-book to present bright, up-to-date pictures of the child-life of mission lands. No special claim of originality is made. The stories of the children were furnished us by missionaries who knew the children personally, and who have lived with them, have seen their daily life, and taught them, or are now doing so. To our knowledge, every child represented in the book is a *real, live child.*

No effort has been made to cover all the mission fields. That would not be advisable for a single year's study. It is an introductory book, to further detailed study of this most interesting phase of missionary effort. We have tried to choose *representative* children, such as will typify the

various phases of missionary work among the children. The extent, variety of life, and problems justify our taking two chapters each for the great mission fields, India and China.

The book is intensely practical. Children are fond of things full of life and movement. It outlines things *to be done.*

At the same time, the study is devotional. While there are presented many mechanical devices, it is hoped that the stories and lessons will arouse a keen sympathy in the heart of the youth of the Church, and will excite a greater interest in the work of bringing the world to Christ.

We acknowledge in the following list the persons who have furnished us the material for the stories:

Ah-San, A Chinese Boy. Emma Iween Upcraft, Yachow, West China.

Si Yong's Troubles. Thos. W. Houston, Nanking, China.

Paz, A Mexican Drunkard's Daughter. Ira C. Cartwright, Leon, Guanajuato, Mexico.

Pabanyana and the Great Great. E. H. Richards, Inhambane, Africa.

A Fragment of Life and Death. Margaret C. Davis, Woodstock, Landour, India.

Daud and Nadir. Lois Matilda Buck, Meerut, India.

Tatters and Fritz. Felicia Buttz Clark, Rome, Italy.

Pai Chai Hakdang. Mrs. Henry Appenzeller, Seoul, Korea.

Yo Hachi. Mrs. Julius Soper, Aoyama, Tokio, Japan.

The statistics for the greater part are taken from the "Geography and Atlas of Protestant Missions," by Harlan P. Beach.

RALPH E. DIFFENDORFER.

CHICAGO, ILL., September 1, 1903.

INTRODUCTORY SUGGESTIONS.

Mission Study in Junior Young People's Societies is urgently needed, and is possible. It can be made attractive, interesting, and productive of far-reaching results. The Junior Society is a field practically uncultivated so far as systematic mission study is concerned.

This book is designed for a text-book for both individual and class use, and for the monthly missionary meeting. Each member of the class should have his own text-book, and do the work assigned from time to time. The children should be trained in the preparation of lessons in Bible and Mission Study at home, just as they are accustomed to prepare their day-school lessons.

THE STUDY CLASS.

How to Organize. The class should be organized as early in the year as possible. But, how shall it be done? "How can we arouse the interest?" That is the first

question asked by the superintendent or leader. Let the superintendent or leader, first of all, get a *real live interest* in the work. Prepare, study the local conditions, consult parents and pastor, and pray over difficulties,—do these before attempting to appear before the children. The following will then be suggestive:

1. Set aside some regular devotional meeting of the Society. Announce it several weeks beforehand. Ask your pastor and the president of the Young People's Society to help you. The head of the misssonary department, or members of the Woman's Missionary Society, should be called on. Press upon them the importance of this new work.

2. Get several copies of the text-book, and become thoroughly familiar with the stories. Give a copy of the book to some child to show to the other children. Show and explain the book to the pastor.

3. In the meeting, tell the character of the stories. Pronounce the names of the boys and girls represented in the book. Make much of the fact that they are *alive*.

Throw open the meeting for any questions, and be quite informal.

4. Explain the class work, what is expected of each member, use of the reference books, and the attractiveness of the class-meeting.

5. Having previously determined the time and place of meeting, announce it. Also introduce the leader of the class.

6. Finally, take the class enrollment. Those who join the class should promise to do the following things:

a. To be present at every session possible.

b. To do the work assigned.

c. To secure a copy of the text-book. (Two or more of the same family may use the same book.)

d. To interest other members of the Society.

Have these agreements written in the Secretary's book, or on a separate paper. Ask the children to sign their names, and thus become members of the class.

7. Announce the first meeting, order the text-books, and begin work at once.

TIME AND PLACE OF MEETING. By all means, have them regular. The church parlor is always preferable to a home. Some leaders may find a home suitable for a class-meeting, and combine the class-meeting with a missionary sociable. In general, though, it should be understood that the meeting is for *study*. Many will find it quite profitable to combine the class-meeting and the regular monthly missionary meeting. For suggestions concerning the use of the text-book in missionary meetings, see page 000.

HOW TO USE THE TEXT-BOOK. The book contains nine stories. These should be carefully read before the class-meeting. No "morals" are drawn in so many words. The missionary truths are hidden in the story. In this the leader will show his ingenuity. Let the children find, of their accord, the missionary principles embodied therein.

The various paragraphs of the stories may be assigned to different members, and read aloud in the presence of the class.

The "Questions for the Lesson" are not

simply a list for the leader to ask in teaching the lesson. They are intended for the pupil in preparing the lesson. Many of the truths to be drawn from the stories are made known in the questions. Written answers will furnish a diversion. The short, pithy statements concerning the various countries should be a chief feature of the class hour. They should be learned by members of the class, and the recitation may be in the same manner as any class recitation in history or geography in a day-school. The alert leader will add many other statements to the list. The current magazines and newspapers contain many facts of this nature, which, presented in this manner and at the close of the recitation on the stories, can not fail to provoke thought in youthful minds.

The "Search Questions and Themes" are for the use of the leader in assigning topics to the various members of the class. This work should be given out two or three weeks in advance of the class hour. A good list of books is given on page 000, to which reference should be made frequently.

One of the first things for the leader to do will be to secure all possible reference books. Pastors, missionary workers, and friends should be asked to loan their missionary books for the benefit of the class. Every Young People's Society or Sunday-school has a missionary library. The leader should beforehand prepare a list of all books available to the class, and, when the assignment is made, should be able to give specific directions for use of the reference books and the supplementary reading.

The suggestions for class use and the missionary meeting furnishes a suggestive list of many accessories to the class work. (See page 9.) On page 165 will be found some very helpful suggestions for map and chart work. Many other things will suggest themselves to the leader, which will make the class hour interesting and helpful.

General Hints. The stories are intended to be the foundation only of the class work. The real benefit will come from the special assignments and reference readings.

The class should have a secretary, either

elected by the members, or appointed by the leader. This secretary should keep a careful record of the work done, and of the attendance, reporting same at each meeting.

At the close of the course hold an examination. This may develop into a spirited contest. A public meeting of the class will arouse much interest among the invited parents and friends.

The class should become a praying class. The leader should speak of the need of prayer, its relation to missions (see Prayer and Missions, by Robert E. Speer, price 5 cents.)

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AH-SAN, A CHINESE BOY.

AS A BABY.

THE birth of a boy is a great event in China. Relatives and friends come to offer congratulations and bring presents; so when

Ah-San (No. 3) first blinked and winked his little shiny black eyes, everybody said that his father and mother were lucky and had received a great blessing. Now they had three sons to earn money and support them in their old age, and, most important of all, they would have sons to worship at their graves, and thus insure their happiness after death. When baby Ah-San was dressed in a yellow wadded coat, closely wrapped about his body, and his little black head was covered with a pretty scarlet cap, with a hole in the top and a row of silver ornaments across the front, he was proudly shown to all visitors.

The names of those who brought gifts were carefully noted, and when Ah-San was one month old these people were invited to a feast given in his honor. His little hairy head was shaven clean, and one of the many new caps which had been presented to him was put on, and the proud nurse carried him on her back all around the house and courts, while the friends enjoyed the good things of the feast.

AT SCHOOL.

Ah-San lived, ate, and dressed as Chinese boys do, until he was nearly six years old, and then he was sent to school, or, as the Chinese say, "entered the Dragon Gate." He had a new suit of clothes for the occasion, a new cap topped with a bright red button, and his long black queue was neatly braided and hanging down his back. His new book was neatly wrapped in a kerchief. As he stepped into the schoolroom, he was led to a tablet of wood up near the teacher's desk. On this slab of wood was written the name of Confucius, China's great teacher and the founder of their religion. He knelt

before it, knocked his head on the floor in reverence and worship, and then made a bow to the teacher.

It was a great day for him. Nearly every Chinese boy, except the very poor, expects to go to school and become a famous scholar, and hopes some time to be a government official. Up to this time, Ah-San had only his baby name, or "milk name." The school name which was selected for him by his teacher was Min-teh, which means "bright virtue." His family name was Wang, so his full name was Wang Min-teh—the surname preceding the given name.

He unwrapped his "Three-letter Classic," and stepped up to the teacher's desk, who read him a line or two until he could repeat it. Then he went to his seat and studied out loud, every other boy doing the same. After an hour or two the teacher called him up to recite. He took his book with both hands, laid it on the teacher's desk, and, turning his back, recited his lesson. This is called "backing the book." He also learned to write, not with a pen or

pencil, but with a fine hairbrush dipped in India ink. He would then print the queer Chinese words on a slab of stone.

School hours began before breakfast, and continued till dark, with intervals for two meals. Ah-San studied and learned to repeat from memory a great many books writen by Confucius and Mencius, as well as poetry and history. He had also to learn how to write poetry and essays.

His father was very proud of his little son, and had high hopes of his successfully passing the examination, when he would receive literary degrees. He would then not only be honored by his own family, but by the whole town.

AT PLAY.

A schoolboy's life in China is not all work. Ah-San managed to get some time for play, though his sports were not so violent as those American boys play. Shuttlecock was a great favorite. It is used without the battledore and is kicked up and caught on the side of the heel. Kite-flying is a spring amusement. Chinese kites are

made to resemble birds, butterflies, and centipedes. Even grown men amuse themselves flying kites, and are not ashamed of it, either. Some boys are very fond of games of cards, by which they gamble.

AS A SON.

The most important thing for Ah-San to learn—so his parents thought—was to be a filial son. To be *filial* was not only to love and obey his parents, but to actually worship his dead ancestors. He was early taught to reverence his father and mother, and to bow and worship before the ancestral tablets at home, or in the ancestral temple, and to make offerings at the graves. As his father was a merchant he learned also to worship the god of Wealth. In their home, on a high shelf at the upper end of the reception-room, was a tall tablet, with fine characters in gilt written on it, "Heaven," "Emperor," "Ancestors," "Scholars." He was taught to regard Heaven and Earth as the great father and mother of all people. No word was said about the *one true God*, who was above all.

In all this worship he was taught to offer incense, burn candles, paper money, and clothing. He learned to do one thing, which, although very small, always seemed very proper,—every day, when he came from school, he made his parents a bow.

As a son he was taught to take good care of his body, never in any way to harm it or lose a limb, so that when the time came to die, his body might be as perfect as when he was born. In this he would be an honor to his ancestors.

It was Ah-San's highest ambition to be a filial son. He had heard and read about the twenty-four sons who were called the "Twenty-four Filials," and their filial deeds had great influence upon him. One of these remarkable boys was the only son of some very poor people. They did not have at hand any mosquito-netting, and, of course, were much worried by the mosquitoes. The little boy thought of an unselfish plan to help his father and mother. As soon as it got dark, he went to bed and let the mosquitoes bite him. He hoped that thus the mosquitoes would be satisfied with his blood

and let his father and mother sleep in peace. By doing such things he became one of the "Twenty-four Filials."

AT A FUNERAL.

Ah-San's boy life went on much the same way until he was thirteen years old. About this time something happened which he could not forget. He awoke one dark day to find that his mother had left him forever—the mother who all his life had so faithfully cared for the boy who was her pride. She had not been ill, but there she lay, cold in death. It was the old story of a pent-up life, narrowed down to daily drudgery, with no light and no hope. An evil spirit had tempted her to end it all by the opium way; a little raw opium was taken, and the mother's life slept itself away. Ah-San was afraid. He had heard about the demons, and many a time had he kept up his courage by singing a tune to scare them away when he had to go out into some dark alley. He was more afraid than ever.

The Buddhist priests came to chant prayers and say mass for his mother's soul.

Offerings of food, paper money, and clothing were made to her spirit. The funeral procession filed out of the North Gate of the city to the family burial ground on the hillside. Fire-crackers were set off to clear the way of evil spirits. Relatives, dressed in sackcloth and rending the air with despairing wails, followed the coffin to the grave, and poor, lonely Ah-San went back to the empty house.

AS A CHRISTIAN.

Not very long after his great sorrow an unusual event happened. It sent the whole town astir. Some "Ocean-men," those strange creatures from over the sea, had come. They arrived on a bamboo raft, and had taken rooms in an inn. They wore Chinese clothes, but their noses were long and high, their eyes blue, and their hair was *not* black, and, strange to say, they could speak Chinese! Ah-San was full of curiosity (who wouldn't be?), and in company with other boys ventured into the courtyard of the inn to get a look at these barbarians. Before the boys left they had in their hands some bright picture cards

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL. (The boy indicated by the x is Ah-San.)

with Chinese words written on the back. "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." Ah-San could read the words, but had no idea what they meant. This was the beginning of a long story. All his books and religion had never taught him anything about God and his love and his own relation to that God. He knew all about reverencing his parents, but nothing about worshiping the God who made the sun to shine and the rain to fall. He had known many gods, but now these teachers said there was only one true God; all the others were only men and false gods. He was interested. He came to the Sunday-school, to the day-school, and to the preaching services. Little by little he saw the truth, and came into the Light. His fear of the demons left him when he learned to trust in Jesus. So also did he lose his fear of death when he knew Jesus could save him and take away his sins. After a time he counted himself to be a "Jesus disciple." Then later came the Boxer Uprising, when the people were full of terror, and many native

Christians became martyrs to the cause of Christ. But Ah-San was spared. He is now one of the right-hand helpers in far interior China, doing what he can to tell the Gospel to others, who, like him, never knew it until the "Ocean-men" came to them.

THE CHINESE EMPIRE.

"The Great Pure Kingdom," "The Land of the East," "The Heavenly Dynasty," "The Flowery Kingdom."

It contains 4,218,401 square miles of territory.

It is the most populous country in the world. There are nearly 400,000,000 people in the empire.

It includes China Proper, Manchuria, Mongolia, Tibet, Jungaira, and East Turkistan.

China Proper is one and one-half times as large as the United States east of the Mississippi River.

The official language of China is called the Mandarin, because it is used by the mandarins or officials.

The Great Plain of the northeast sup-

ports nearly 850 people to the square mile. Some districts have as high as from 2,000 to 5,000 people living on a single square mile of land.

It has more than 1,700 walled cities; 288 of them have resident Protestant missionaries.

For food, rice and vegetables are the staff of life in the southern parts, while in the north, wheat flour or millet takes the place of rice.

The most important minerals are iron and coal. All the cereals, most of the common vegetables, many fruits, tea, the opium poppy, and the mulberry-tree are the products of the soil.

The government is such that, aside from the emperor and a few other officials, the positions of honor are open to any man in the land, if he has the ability.

Many Chinese inventions—such as the compass, paper, printing, gunpowder, and porcelain—were in use in China ages before they were reproduced in Europe and America.

Questions for the Lesson.

1. Why is the birth of a Chinese boy a great blessing?
2. What is his dress, and how is he cared for?
3. Who was Confucius?
4. Why is the first day of school an important day?
5. Describe the school-life of the Chinese boy.
6. What are the play games? Describe shuttlecock. (See encyclopedia.)
7. Describe the worship of ancestors.
8. How did Ah-San lose his mother?
9. How was Ah-San made a Christian?
10. What is the meaning of each of the following? Buddhist priests, "Ocean-men," "Jesus Disciple," Boxer Uprising.

Search Questions and Themes.

1. How opium went to China.
2. Child prisoners in the Boxer Uprising. Nos. 15, 16.
3. The young girl-wife. No. 10.
4. The Chinese baby in the nursery. No. 12.

5. Chinese games. Nos. 6, 12.

6. The slave girl. No. 10.

7. Chinese "Mother Goose" Rhymes. No. 12.

8. The boys' amusements. No. 6.

9. A famine in China.

10. What can the Gospel of Christ do for China?

Suggestions for Class Use and the Missionary Meeting.

1. Draw an outline map of China. Mark on it the principal rivers and towns. By dotted lines indicate the boundary of China proper.

2. Make a collection of all possible pictures concerning Chinese child-life. Mount these on a large cardboard. Have one member of the class describe them. Give him a week's time to study the card.

3. Write on the blackboard the names of the principal mission stations of your denomination. Teach the pronunciation of the names. Have a member, in the presence of the class, mark the mission stations with a blue pencil.

4. Get some joss-paper, if possible, and explain its use by the Chinese.

5. Be able to tell the members some of the harmful teachings and practices of the Chinese religion. (See any standard encyclopedia.)

6. Assign to the smaller members some of the Chinese rhymes, such as are found in Book No. 12.

7. Call the attention of the class to the picture of Ah-San, emphasize the fact that most of the other boys are like him in their way of living.

8. Hold a "quiz" on the important facts brought out in the lesson.

SI YONG'S TROUBLES.

Si Yong was in great trouble. If you should ask him why his heart was so sore, he would tell you that he had eaten many bitternesses. He would mean that he had suffered much. He would say that the sorrows began when his mother was attacked by the wicked demon that raged in the form we call cholera. The evil one wanted her life and blasted her body. That was why he wore a white cord in his queue and white patches on his ragged shoes. But he did not fully understand. The trouble began years before that, when his father, Bao, began to "hit the great pipe." The father had been a skillful weaver, and had supported the family well. The big loom was in their own house. The boy had delighted in watching the throwing of the shuttle back and forth between the alternating threads as the shining silken web was spun.

But the hungry demon of the opium had

laid hold of the weaver. It palsied his hands. It muddled his brain. It poisoned his stomach. It dried up his heart. It yellowed and stretched his skin. Its fierce craving had to be satisfied with more opium, and that fed a still fiercer craving. It ate up the earner and the earnings. It ate up the furniture. It ate up the mother, for she had to do double work to get rice, until her spirit was taken. It ate up self-respect and reputation and ambition. It ate up honesty, and nothing which could be pawned to buy opium was safe if Bao could get it.

The children were nearly always hungry and cold as the winter dragged along and New-Year's Day came near. Then came the worst trouble of all. Si Yong's wife disappeared. "Wifi" is what he called her. He meant the bright-faced little girl who had lived with them ever since she was a baby. Si Yong's mother had betrothed them to one another by paying fifteen strings of cash and two roosters to the parents of the baby wife. Now he was twelve and she nine years old. Ling Dsi

was gone, and he could not find his father to tell him where she was. He searched the neighborhood and scoured the streets in vain. Then the bitterness laid hold on his heart, and he threw himself on the cold, coverless couch, and sobbed his misery to the damp bricks.

The next day was to be the New-Year. His mother had always provided a little feast for that day. It was to him what Christmas is in Christian homes. She would provide some sweet "pleasure balls," some hot chicken, and some salted duck, with nice white rice and some rice candy. There would be red and yellow paper ornaments fastened through the house and on the front doors; probably a wooden whistle for him to blow, a string of bells for Ling Dsi's ankles, new shoes which the mother herself had made, and a pretty red, tiger-head cap for him and an embroidered headband for the little wife. But this time there would be nothing. Mother and Ling Dsi were gone, and father in the opium den, and he was cold and hungry and alone.

Then Si Yong remembered the little shrine

over the cooking place. It was almost the only place his father had not despoiled. The kitchen god was still there, with dust and cobwebs about it. His mother had always worshiped there on the last day of the year, and towards midnight she would paste paper over the niche, that the knowing one might be relieved from his watch for a day, and have an opportunity to celebrate with his own kind. No one had lighted the candles since the mother had gone. The father kept burning the fires before the god of the pipe only. The children had forgotten it. Possibly that was the cause of so much bitterness.

A CHINESE STUDENT.

So he lighted the stumps of red candles he found sticking there, and knelt among the ashes of the unkept floor. He then asked the family demon to take the load off his heart and give him back his playmate. But the day passed with no tidings from the absent ones. The long night's vigil wore on, and no one came. The morning light found a pitiful, heart-broken little boy lying asleep by the fireless oven. His feet and hands were icy and his head was hot and aching. The candles had burnt out, and the image stared at nothing with sightless eyes, and heard not the sighs which disturbed the tear-stained sleeper.

He was roused by the popping of fire-crackers in the street, and started up. He was alone, and his prayers unanswered! Too weary to cry, he went out, leaving the deserted house, with the dumb idol presiding over its wretchedness. As he went down the street a kindly voice asked, "What is your bitterness, little son?" It was a relief to tell some one, and the little old man with the gentle voice and long beard soon heard all the sorrows. "Ah, this is exceed-

A CHRISTIAN BOY.

ingly sad. We must go and tell the pastor-teacher." So they went to the "Jesus Hall," where they found a man who had a kind face and wore big round glasses, which he took off to wipe his eyes while the boy told his griefs. Then he said to the little old man: "I'll tell you how I think this is. Yesterday was pay-day for the year's debts, you know. Probably this man owed many accounts. Unless he paid them he could get no more "black rice." He had no

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL.

money and nothing he could pawn; the black demon gnawed at his stomach and he has taken this boy's wife and sold her to pay his debts and buy more poison."

They hunted through the opium dens, and towards evening found Bao sleeping off the effects of his debauch. He denied the charge sullenly at first; but when threatened with arrest, he weakly confessed, and after much trouble they found Ling Dsi hidden in a dark room. Her owners refused to give her up until the amount they paid for her had been refunded. The pastor-teacher said to the little old man: "Go to the Church brethren. Tell them that Christ has redeemed them; they must redeem this little one. We waste no money to-day worshiping demons. We can lay up treasures in heaven and save a soul from ruin. Ask the missionary teachers and the missionary ladies. They will help you. The new year will begin a new life for these little ones. I will stay and guard them till you return."

And so it came to pass that Si Yong and Ling Dsi were put in Christian schools. Si

Yong had learned some characters while his father was able to pay the teacher's fees, and was delighted to study more. Ling Dsi had not been taught, as she was not a boy, and only boys were worth teaching. Boys only could hope to pass the examinations, get degrees, be officials, and wear red or blue buttons on their caps. But the missionary teachers washed her and dressed her, and, after she learned to love them, she was no more afraid. She studied almost the same books that Si Yong used, although they could not be in the same school. She knew she would be Si Yong's wife when they were older, and he was studying hard and learning much. She did not want him to get ahead of her, so she worked faithfully. The little feet that had hurt so cruelly when the mother kept them bound were set free. She grew into so sweet and knowing a young woman that when they went to their own little Christian home, her husband was as tenderly proud of her as he should have been. She was not a bit spoiled, but cooked, and washed, and sang glad songs, and helped in his work. Their joy

was full when the father learned to hate the slavery of the pipe and found help to overcome the habit, mourning only that the knowledge of the better way had come too late to help his own wife bear her heavy burdens.

Questions for Class Use and the Missionary Meeting.

1. What was the real cause of Si Yong's troubles?
2. What is opium?
3. How does opium affect one who uses it?
4. How are Chinese boys and girls married?
5. How do they celebrate New-Year's Day?
6. Where did Si Yong think he could end his troubles?
7. How did the missionary help to find Ling Dsi?
8. How did they happen to be sent to Christian schools?
9. How did the Christian religion change their home?
10. What induced the father to become a Christian?

THE CHINESE PEOPLE.

The Chinese do not wear mourning for juniors.

They are industrious, fairly temperate, not sociable, quarrelsome, politic, and very ceremonial.

They invariably have black eyes, long black coarse hair, high cheek-bones, round face, small nose. Who has not seen one? How would you describe him?

Opium-smoking is their greatest vice. Impurity is common in the cities. They are bound by superstition, prejudice, and ancestor worship. They need the free gospel of Christ. But what people does not?

A girl baby is not welcomed in the home. It costs too much to get her married. A boy causes much joy. He can provide for the dead souls of the parents.

Most of the people are farmers, and cultivate the land industriously. They work hard at everything, and reap the usual rewards.

Confucianism is the great religion of China. The dead are worshiped by all—rich and poor, young and old. Every man

has three souls, they say, and after death one of these goes to the ancestral tablet, one to the grave, and one to Hades. They believe these souls must be cared for the same after death as before. So they feed them, clothe them, give them money, etc. Does China need Jesus Christ?

In China to-day, 2,785 foreign missionaries are working. This is one missionary to 144,000 Chinese. In the United States we have one minister to every 500 people.

The Chinese do not like war. They can fight, if they have to, and have done so with more or less success for ages.

Search Questions and Themes.

1. What is "cash?"
2. New-Year's Day in China?
3. The effect of the use of opium?
4. Binding the children's feet? No. 7.
5. A Chinese wedding? Nos. 7, 10.
6. Chinese toys? Nos. 6, 12.
7. Why is it hard to learn to speak and write Chinese? Nos. 4, 9.
8. The Boxer Revolution? Nos. 2, 5, 15. 16.
9. The Siege of Peking? Nos. 2, 15, 16.

Suggestions for Class Use and the Missionary Meeting.

1. Appoint some one in the class to get a poppy (if possible), some opium, laudanum, and morphine, and tell of its evil effect. Better still, if you can get a Christian physician to come to the class and make the explanation.

2. Let some one go sight-seeing in Peking. Whom did he see? What buildings? Where were the most people? etc.

3. Print on the blackboard, "Dying,—a million a month in China." "North China calls; Victory ahead; Fill up the gaps." Place the blackboard in a conspicuous place. Do not "preach" about the mottoes. They will tell their own story.

4. After the class is familiar with the names of the missionaries and the principal mission centers, associate the two, and drill the class until they know at least one missionary in each center.

5. Appoint some member "General Superintendent of China." Then let the member visit one of the stations and examine the work of the missionaries. Let

him tell especially of the life of the children.

6. Spend a few minutes in a Chinese home. Describe furniture, rooms, windows, receiving guests, etc.

7. Recall the story of Ah-San. How were the lives of Ah-San and Si Yong different and the same?

PAZ, A MEXICAN DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

"Si me muero, doctora, no me hace Ud. el favor de recibir a' Paz como su hija?" said a feeble voice in a miserably-crowded tenement-house in Mexico. The dark, cheerless room they called home had no furniture in it except the little stone mill on which the corn for "tortillas" was ground; the flat earthen dish, resting on three small stones; the primitive stove, on which these thin corn-cakes were baked; the empty box on which the doctor sat; and a thin straw mat, which but ill protected the sufferer from the damp brick floor on which she lay.

Most of you will not understand what she said in the musical Spanish—Spain's only useful legacy ever left with any people over whom she ruled—so I will interpret for you. She was very ill, and so she said, "If I die, doctor, will you not do me the favor

to take Paz as your daughter?" Paz means Peace; but no drunkard's daughter anywhere has any peace.

The woman had been to the dispensary, and her heart had been won by the Protestant missionary's story of God's love for sinners. This was very different from the religion the Spanish priests brought to Mexico. This new truth had been lovingly sealed by the healing touch of the missionary's wife, a practicing physician, who now bent over the sufferer. The doctor often says, playfully, "My husband preaches the gospel, but I practice it." It may be said, in all seriousness, that "the gospel of healing" is one most easily understood, and always thoroughly appreciated by the suffering. It must bring the Great Physician very near, indeed, when administered "in His name." This dear woman, like thousands of other persons in this fanatical region, had learned in the dispensary, where the simple gospel is preached and practiced in loving helpfulness, that the Protestant missionaries are not what the priests of Rome picture them to be, when they try,

by prejudice, to keep the people from finding out just what our Lord meant when he said, "Ye shall *know the truth*, and the truth shall make you *free*." She wanted, therefore, to have Paz grow up in the better faith of this religion of love.

"PAZ."

Strange as it seemed to us all, with the blessing of the Father on the remedies applied under such unfavorable circumstances, she fully recovered, and she herself brought Paz to the mission school and services, and joined with her on probation. Soon the

THE DISPENSARY.

little girl of six came to love the Savior, and went out to serve him as best she could.

One day she had a great trial of her faith and courage. You perhaps know that in all the countries Roman Catholics are taught that it is very necessary, where possible, to have a priest with them at life's end to prepare them for death by anointing them. They call this "extreme unction," and give them at the same time the last communion, or the "host," a small wafer dipped in wine. These they believe the priest has changed into the very body and blood of Christ by pronouncing over it some magic words in Latin. Priests and people, of course, worship the "host." Dr. Adam Clarke used to call this "the wafer god of Rome;" and he was right, even if we do find here and there a devout and faithful follower of our Lord in the Roman Catholic Church, who has reached that state of grace despite the idolatrous teachings and practices of Romanism.

Well on that, an eventful day to her, Paz was playing in front of the tenement-house when a priest went by in a coach drawn by

two mules, carrying the "host" to help some poor soul die. He doubtless had never taught the people how to live. Mr. Wesley used to say, "Our people die well." When this is true, do you not think it is because they have lived well a life of faith in the Son of God, "who loved us and gave himself for us?" Well, suddenly that day all fell on their knees except one; and whom do you suppose that one was? Why little Paz, of course. Those near her, fearing that something awful might happen to the child—for they are very superstitious—cried out, "Hincate, mina, hincate!" ("Bow down, child, bow down!") But she only smiled, for she had learned that we have only to fear sin, and said, "Delante de que, las mulas?" ("Before what, the mules?") After the coach was out of sight, and nothing had happened—as of course there did n't—some, not being able to resist the humor of the child, smiled and said, "You little Protestant, you!" She said, bravely, "Yes, that is what I am." Others, however, who never once thought that her father and many others coming

home drunk so often might bring a curse on the house, did think that having a little Protestant there might, so they tried to have her put out. This they have often succeeded in doing here in Leon, where over 100,000 people live, and yet there never has been, and is not now, one little chapel where the pure gospel is preached. The work is done now in a small rented hall.

This story of little Paz was told to an Englishman who had lived a long time in Mexico. He laughed at the bright remark of the little one, but said gravely: "That was a very brave act on her part. I well remember the time when I had to run around the corner, or into some convenient store, when I saw the coach coming, so that I would not have to kneel. I would have been stoned if I did not."

Paz is now in the school for girls at Guanajuato, some thirty miles east of Leon, and is growing up in that blessed atmosphere to be a lovely little Christian. So you see the medical missionary, the missionary, and the ladies of the Woman's Foreign

Missionary Societies, all have a part in her redemption. You, who at home, by your gifts and self-sacrificing labor, are gathering together the money to sustain us, have your part, also, in it. Little Paz is only one of the thousands of boys and girls in Mexico who are thus being redeemed and trained in our labor of love together, "in His name." Let us hope that her father may be redeemed, as many thus have been. For it is written, "A little child shall lead them."

AN INDIAN GIRL.

This kneeling in the streets is only one of the many tyrannies that Rome puts upon the people whom Christ died to make free.

But let us thank God that every nation, once sealed against the gospel by the priests of Rome is now *wide open*. In all of them multitudes of believers in Christ as a personal Savior, the only Mediator between man and God, are rising up about the missionaries, and are helping to win their native friends to him, "the Desire of all nations."

MEXICO.

Mexico is called the "Egypt of America." Why?

It has an area of 767,005 square miles, and in 1900 had 13,525,462 people.

There are only 17.7 people to every square mile of land. Compare with Japan.

There are 210 missionaries. How many people to one missionary?

There are 146 Christian day-schools and 18 higher schools, with nearly ten thousand pupils.

More than one-third of the people are Indians. One-half of these are of pure blood.

Nearly all of the Indians worship idols.

Forty-three per cent of the people are of a mixed white and Indian race.

Roman Catholicism in a greatly-degraded form is the ruling religion.

In 1895, ninety-five per cent of the Mexicans were Roman Catholics.

Freedom to worship God came in 1857, when Catholicism ceased to be the State religion.

The rainy season begins in June, and ends in November. During this time it usually rains from one to three hours daily.

In the production of minerals, Mexico stands foremost among the nations of the world.

Drunkenness, gambling, impurity, Sabbath-breaking, and Roman Catholic superstitions are the great sins of the people.

Questions for the Lesson.

1. What is the language of Mexico? The religion?
2. How can physicians be missionaries?
3. How was Paz led to the mission school?
4. What is "extreme unction," and the "host?"
5. Do Protestants have such practices?
6. Why did Paz not fall on her knees?
7. What became of Paz?

8. What is the missionary's chief work in Mexico?

9. What are some of the needs of the missionary in Mexico? How can we help?

10. For what should we be thankful?

Search Questions and Themes.

1. Why Spain has lost her many colonies.
2. The Mestizo.
3. Name other Catholic countries.
4. Mexico's different races of people. No. 24.
5. A Roman Catholic priest and schoolmaster. No. 23.
6. The work of a medical missionary. No. 63.
7. The resources of Mexico.
8. William Butler in Mexico. No. 70.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CLASS USE AND THE MISSIONARY MEETING.

1. Make clear that the missionary's work is about the same in Mexico, South America, and Central America.

2. Picture the degraded form of Roman Catholicism in these countries.

3. Send one of the class on a day's trip with William Butler in Mexico.

4. Mark the mission stations of your denomination on the map. Include South America and Mexico.

5. Write on the blackboard a list of the great vices of these people. Write underneath this list, "What does Mexico most need?"

6. Test your class in the geography of these countries.

7. Recall the Spanish-American war and how it affected missionary work in the West Indies.

8. Draw an outline map of the two American continents; within the borders of the United States print 1-500; on Mexico, 1-65; on Central America, 1-35; on South America, 1-55; on the West Indies, 1-11. Then print, "Number of people to one missionary." Above the map, "Where are missionaries needed?"

PABANYANA AND THE GREAT GREAT.

On the east coast of Africa, between the Zambezi River on the north and the Limpopo River on the south, is a country eight hundred miles long and two hundred miles wide. More people live there than in the State of Ohio. They have as many trees as you have, and yet not one of your trees. They have as many animals as you have, and yet not one of your animals. They have as many flowers as you have, and yet not one of your flowers. As many words as you have; yes, twice as many; and their men can talk as fast as your men, and, what is equally astonishing, their women can talk as fast as your women, and neither of them use a syllable of your language. Our Father is so great that when he makes worlds, or even

NOT ALWAYS "BRIGHT, HAPPY, AND LAUGHING."

different parts of the same world, he never needs to make any two of them alike. Think of it, trees, animals, flowers, and words, many more than you have, and not one of them yours!

Pabanyana was a bright, happy, laughing, young granddaughter of the very king himself. The king was mighty, and ruled a large section in the southern portion of this territory. His name was Mangeza, the king of the Amashanganas. Pabanyana had

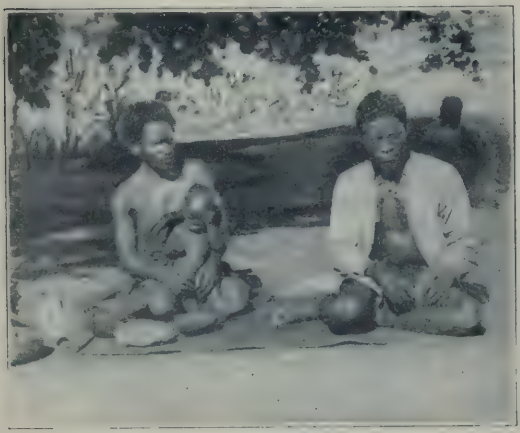
THE HOUSE. 67

never seen ink. She had never seen any one with a white face, or one who had ever worn clothes. If your ancestors and mine had never seen the letter A nor a bit of cloth, can you possibly think what sort of people we would have been? And do you ever thank the Lord for a bottle of ink? But Pabanyana had a gown, and it had two very desirable qualities. It was always in *fashion* and quite *inexpensive*. After a copious bath every morning, she oiled her glossy skin with a palmful of peanut oil, mixed with a palmful of sunshine. Her disposition was as jolly as her dress was thin, and her conscience was as tender as her flesh was soft. Her house was only thatch grass. There was nothing at all in it but the ground, an earthen pot, a mortar for pounding corn, and a hoe with which to dig. She had a bit of blanket made of the bark of a rubber-tree, and this was also her bed. She could not say "chair" nor "table," nor the words for any of the many nice things you have in your house; for she had never seen them and had no words for them. She never rode in a carriage, nor on

a horse, nor in a car; for she had never seen them. Her mother's hoe was the plow of the land, and her mother's head the wagon and the freight-train. When her mother was ill they did not call the doctor until she was dead, and then only to find out who had induced some evil spirit to bewitch her. When a lion or hyena carried off some unguarded child, this most unlearned witch-doctor came in, at painful cost, to discover which particular evil spirit was displeased with the family. She had never once heard of any good spirit; always evil spirits. She had seen her many relatives, one by one, sicken, grow helpless, and then be carried off to some secluded spot to die alone, and their bodies to be eaten by the wild beasts. Death was the unspeakable word in all her thought.

Now it happened that Pabanyana had an aunt named Custom House. This aunt had seen a missionary who had visited those parts, and she was greatly stirred up over his story of a future life. None of her people had ever heard of such a thing. They believe that good people, if there were any

such, were extinguished as a small and fluttering flame is blown out, and the bad were made over into snakes, lions, leopards, and crocodiles, left to torment people for a



"AT HOME."

while, and then they, too, were quit of any known existence.

Her Aunt Custom House took care of her, clothed her in a little strip of bark cloth, and make cornmeal porridge for her every day.

When Pabanyana was eight or nine years old (no one ever knew her age, for there are are no months in all the years, and no years in all the ages), her aunt brought her to the Mission Station to give her over to the school for teaching and for clothing. None but Christians wore garments such as American children wear.

The missionary was busy, and could not so much as listen to Aunt Custom House, though the good aunty was well known to him. He told them there was no food and and no clothes in the house, and then told them to go home and wait. Poor things! They had waited all their lifetime, and their nation had waited ever since Christ came to earth, and it was so hard to be forbidden. They sat down on the African chairs—that is, on their heels—and soon the tears were coursing down Pabanyana's cheeks. The missionary could not endure that; so, even if the meal was low and gowns were wanting, he repented, and took Pabanyana into the school. She was given soap, and some other girls took her down to the river, scrubbed and rubbed her, cut off all her hair to get

her head clean, and gowned her in a nice calico dress, of which she was exceedingly proud.

She began at once to pray, and was eager to learn. She was at every service, and, of course, in a little time she had learned that the Great Great created her, and that he watched over her. She longed to find him out; so she prayed that he would send her some strong soap of his, which would be able to take the dirt off her soul, and she soon received the answer and the dirt was all washed away. Of course she was very happy, and wished to know what she could do to praise the Great Great. She thought it must please him to have her go home to tell her grandfather, the chief, all about it. So she went; but the chief would not listen to her. He said she was turning "white man," that none but white men could read. "Black men could not learn to read."

Years later he changed his views, and said: "Yes, my child, I know you are right; I know the Great Great will finally rule my country. I am glad you believe him; but I, alas! I am too old ever to turn from my

drink and my wives." Her grandmother turned, and the king let her. Now her relatives are all within the fold, and that chain of salvation has only forged its first few links as yet. None can tell its length.

FRESH FROM THE KRAALS.

Already a vast army of more than one hundred thousand in South Africa have believed. These are clad, and you are clothing them at a rich profit. They are also in their right minds, which is of much more importance. Eternity alone can measure their happiness.

Such has been done, is being done, and

we have only just begun to save souls in Africa. Save her children and you save Africa. "And a little child shall lead them."

AFRICA,

"THE DARK CONTINENT,"

Has nearly 12,000,000 square miles of territory, and its population is estimated at over 160,000,000. Note an average of only 13 or 14 people to the square mile.

Among these millions of people there is one missionary to every 50,000 souls, counting as missionaries the lay workers and the wives of missionaries. In the United States we have one hundred times as many opportunities to hear the gospel as the black man of Africa.

Note the religions of Africa's people. It is reported reliably that, out of the 160,000,000 people, 9,600,000 are nominal Christians, 57,600,000 are Mohammedans, and 92,800,000 are heathen,—more heathen in Africa than there are people in the United States!

The slave-trade is not the greatest barrier to Christianity. Modern civilization has taken into Africa its awful traffic of strong

drink. The hot sun of the tropics soon makes the drinker insane, and gives him a speedy death. Whisky and missionaries sail from America to Africa on the same boat. Shame to Christian America!

The heathen African is full of terrors, fears, superstitions, and dreaded imaginations. In several localities, there is a vague idea of God, and he is called by such names as "The Great Great" and "The Old, Old One."

There are 600 languages and dialects in the continent. The Bible has already been translated into 115 of them.

The missionary does his best work by practicing medicine, preaching plainly, translating the Bible and other books into the native languages, and by educational work in the schools.

Questions for the Lesson.

1. In what is the east coast of Africa like, and in what is it unlike, our country?
2. Describe Pabanyana's way of living.
3. What care for the sick and the dead do the Africans make?

4. What are their ideas concerning the future life?

5. How did Pabanyana get to school?

6. Why did the missionary at first refuse her?

7. How can we provide schools for the many heathen children who are refused?

8. What was Pabanyana's life at school?

9. Who is the "Great Great," and how did he change the life of Pabanyana?

10. What were the direct results of the conversion of Pabanyana?

SEARCH QUESTIONS AND THEMES.

1. The slave-trade. Nos. 29, 30, 31, 33.
2. Whisky and rum in Africa.
3. Witch-doctors and Evil Spirits.
4. Traveling in Africa.
5. The diamond fields.
6. David Livingstone. Nos. 25, 30, 31.
7. Cecil Rhodes.
8. The Boers — who are they? Where do they live? What did they do? (Use map.)
9. The difficulties of missionaries in Africa. No. 25.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CLASS USE AND THE MISSIONARY MEETING.

1. Draw several outline maps of Africa. You will need these in order to illustrate the different phases of the work. Always have the outline maps drawn by members of the class.

2. On an outline map, divide the continent into three equal parts by drawing heavy red or blue lines from west to east. Print on these in order from top to bottom, *Health*, *Adventure*, *Wealth*. At the top of the map print in large letters, "*The World's Interest in Africa.*"

3. On another outline map show the religions of Africa. Draw a line west to east from Liberia, and a line across the southern end, just cutting off Cape Colony. Color the three divisions differently. Mark the top one *Mohammedanism;* the next, *Heathen;* the lower one, *Christian.*

4. Let some one collect all the Bible verses concerning Africa.

5. Take a journey over the proposed "Cape to Cairo" Railway route. Take pains to teach the class the reasons and ad-

vantages to missions of such a railway. (See map in "Price of Africa.")

6. On a third outline map mark the missionary centers of your own denomination. Get names of your missionaries, and drill as before.

7. Invite the class to your home for "An Evening with David Livingstone." Have a prepared program; use maps, pictures, books, lantern slides, etc.

A FRAGMENT OF LIFE AND DEATH.

It all seems very far off now—that morning which gave me my first glimpse of life in India; but I have only to close my eyes to see again the long reach of waving sugar-cane and level rice-fields hedged in by vine-covered century plants. I see the clumps of slender bamboos, whose feathery tops shade the road, and whose closely-growing, stemlike trunks make hiding-places for innumerable snakes and squirrels; the groves of orange-trees laden with loose-skinned, red-gold fruit; flocks of little green parrakeets; stretches of tall jungle-grass; and, last of all, the big pipul-tree that represented the village deity of the Indian village which I had come to visit with Miss Ray, a missionary—a beautiful, wholesome American girl.

The pipul-tree was hung with garlands of yellow marigolds, which the simple vil-

lagers had put there to incite the spirit of the tree to bring peace to the village it guarded. My companion pointed to a dish of milk at the foot of the tree, saying, "There is a sick child in the village, and the mother offers milk to the cobra that lives among the roots of the tree."

There was not a sign of life anywhere when we descended from our little cart to pick our way through a narrow, mud-walled way. But when Miss Ray stopped at an opening and called cheerily, "Roi Hai!" it seemed to me that the children came out of the ground, there were so many of them around us all at once. Little boys half clothed, and little boys with still less on; girls jingling bracelets, earrings, noserings, and anklets, as they said gleefully, "Salaam, Miss Sahib; Salaam, Miss Sahib," to Miss Ray, who chattered merrily with them, quickly asking questions and getting answers, all in a queer and, to me, unknown tongue. Then she went toward a little hut. I did not think much of it that morning, but when I came to know later how very poor these people were, and how

much it had meant to them to keep one little, clean mudhouse for the American girl who came to teach the children, I understood why Miss Ray was so proud of it.

We sat on some little cane stools, while the girls sat on a piece of matting; that is, they folded themselves up like reversed capital "N's," and sat on their heels. Some of the little, unclothed boys came shyly to the door, and looked in for a while; but they soon went away, as the school was a girl's school.

The first thing that attracted me in the faces turned toward me was their very bright eyes, made brighter, probably, by the gay-colored head-dresses and heavy earrings. Then, as the head-dresses slipped back, I noticed how dirty and unkempt the black hair was. The girls all looked as though their hair had been washed, combed, and braided but once, and as though that once had been very long ago.

After settling, they first produced some knitting of white crocheting cotton. Now white crocheting cotton can get very dirty, and this had reached the limit of unclean-

A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

ness. But the girls did not seem to mind; neither did Miss Ray, who, I suppose, felt it was no use to say anything. She turned to me as she pointed out a mistake in a curious-looking heel, and said, "I'm not allowed to teach them to read, unless I also teach them to make something with their hands." After this the work was put away, and the girls sang with great vigor a hymn, to queer, rising-and-falling music; they repeated the Lord's Prayer and some verses; and, lastly, produced some little books written in comical, grasshopper-like letters, which were opened and read in a rhythmic sing-song, with much swaying to and fro.

As I did not understand, I slipped out to look around, and soon came to an open gate. I stopped curiously, and looked into a little courtyard where the only sign of life was a yellow dog asleep in the sunshine, and a cow dreaming of green fields. Again I could hardly tell where the people all came from; for some children and women quickly appeared, saying in their tongue, "Come in, come in."

I could not talk to them, so I just looked

and smiled, while they did the same to me, until one old woman pointed to the buckle on my hat and nodded her head to another old woman. Then laughingly they began to examine me—my belt, my collar, the binding on my skirt, my shoes—discussing everything with words of surprise, though not always of approval, while I tried to turn the interest by pointing to their jewels. I did not know what we should have done next if I had not heard Miss Ray say just then: "O, here you are, you rash girl! Don't you know you might get lost? Come, I am going to take you to the house of the chief man of the village. His little boy has been sick, although he is all right now."

After picking our way through more narrow streets, between mud walls, where we had to step carefully between piles of filth and over vile little drains leading from the unseen lanes on the other side of the walls, we stopped before a big, unfriendly-looking wooden door, and waited, after rapping and calling, listening to the rattling of a chain and uncertain fumbling at the latch by

some one inside. At length the clumsy door was pushed open by the oldest, worst-dried-up little woman I ever saw. She bolted the door after us, pushed to one side

A Little Nurse.

a cow which blocked our way, scolded a bad-tempered dog, and gave a shrill call, which rang through the courtyard into which she led us.

The answer to the call was a merry, girlish laugh, and I turned just in time to get a

glimpse of what seemed to me to be a laughing, jingling, gilt-edged rainbow, very much alive, which, however, when it stopped, proved to be a girl of thirteen. Her skirt was of a bright changeable silk, blue and green, over which she wore a yellow jacket. Over all was thrown a gauze rose-colored scarf, which showed, through its thin folds, chains of soft, unalloyed gold of beautiful workmanship, bracelets from wrist to elbow, earrings of pearls, and uncut jewels concealing the little draggled ears, and a broad, beautiful, gold-fringed band of uncut jewels that curved from the part in her hair over each side of her forehead.

"Ah, Sitara," said my friend, lovingly, as she took the girl's hand in both hers, "see, I have brought a friend to visit you to-day."

"She is welcome," said the girl to me with a sudden severe dignity. Then she added, "I am glad you came to-day. To-morrow I go to my husband's home. It is far,—in another land."

"Are you glad?"

"He is very handsome and loves me. If

only the mother-in-law does not beat me. My mother says I must not play any more, and must do everything the husband's mother bids me do." Then she added suddenly, "Do you know that little Gunya is very sick this morning?"

A Christian Mother and her Baby.

"Hush!" said a woman who had just entered the court; "what does a magpie like you know? The child is well enough, except for a little return of fever."

Miss Ray turned quickly to the woman. "Where is he? What has happened? He was better yesterday."

The woman answered sullenly: "He sleeps, and it is not well to waken him. He is well enough."

As she ended, though, a weak voice from one of the open side-rooms called feebly: "Miss Sahib!" and Miss Ray quickly crossed the court and raised the curtain. Sitara and I followed, and found her kneeling beside a frail little fellow, whose eyes looked lovingly up into hers. There was a strange, oppressive odor in the room. Suddenly Miss Ray stood up and turned almost fiercely to the elderly woman: "What have you done? He was better yesterday, and now he is dying!"

"He is our only son," she answered in the same sullen tone. "The priest said your medicine would kill him if we did not send for the *hakim*." Then suddenly she sat down on the floor and rocked to and fro. "What can a poor woman know? They said it would save him, and they closed up the room and burned *shanjo* things while the priests sang. We gave much money, and now he dies."

"Hush!" said Miss Ray pityingly; "you

disturb him. Come and kneel by his bed."

The boy, with a great effort, reached out his hand and laid it on his mother's, and turned his eyes questioningly toward Miss Ray.

"It is all right, dear," she said; "you're going on a long journey, but you need not go alone. See, your mother and I will hold your hands until you go to sleep, and then Jesus will lead you the rest of the way, for you are going to God."

The excitement had been too much, and the delicate lids closed over the bright, loving eyes, while the little fingers loosened their feeble grasp. Then the old woman who had opened the door raised her voice in a piercing shriek, which was answered by another and another from servants and neighbors. But the quiet face of the boy moved not, and Miss Ray said: "Come, we can do nothing more. The soul has gone to God, but the body must be given over to heathen rites." Out in the street she added: "That child has been murdered through the ignorance of a native doctor and the

jealousy of a grasping priest. O this terrible India! It is the same story at every turn. There is no social or moral evil peculiar to India that is not deep-rooted in the heart of what should be the salvation of a country, its religion. Certainly, not to know Christ is death."

INDIA.

THE "WONDERLAND OF THE EAST."

The total area is 1,328,392 square miles. The population is 283,817,080 (1901); 214 people live to each square mile.

To get a good idea of its size, get a map of North America and note the following: If the country of India could be extended over North America, its northern point would be in the latitude of Richmond, Va., and the southern point near Panama. The eastern boundary would be at Baltimore, and the western near Salt Lake City.

The great rivers of India are worshiped and regarded as sacred. To wash in the waters of these streams takes away all sin. Why does India need the gospel of Jesus Christ?

Three hundred languages and dialects

are spoken in the Indian Empire, including Burma and Siam.

It is the greatest Mohammedan country in the world.

Its wealth is found in its forests, its growing fields and pasture lands. About one-fourth of its land is idle.

Failure of rains, floods, plagues, and the village and caste system, are the causes of the many famines.

Bombay is the second largest city in the British Empire after London, and is the greatest cotton market in the world after New Orleans.

The climate is very varied. The cool months last from November to the middle of February. From June to September is the wet season.

While India is less than half as large as the United States, it contains more than three times as many people.

If all the boys and girls in India would stand in line, shoulder to shoulder, the line would reach around the world, 25,000 miles long. Only one child in each mile would ever have been inside a Sunday-school.

Questions for the Lesson.

1. What plants and trees grow in India?
2. Why is a dish of milk sometimes put at the foot of the pipul-tree?
3. How are the boys and girls dressed?
3. How do the Hindus say, "How do you do, Madam?"
5. Describe a day in a girl's school.
6. Where were the men when the missionary was in the house?
7. Describe the dress of a girl of thirteen.
8. What is the custom concerning marriage?
9. How could Christian parents have saved the boy's life?
10. How can the love of Christ change the lives of the boys and girls of India?

SUGGESTIONS FOR CLASS USE AND THE MISSIONARY MEETING.

1. You will need several outline maps of India on paper; also have one drawn on a blackboard for use during the meeting.
2. On the blackboard locate the large rivers, cities, mountains, and plateaus. Use a common school geography. Drill the spelling and pronunciation of the names.

3. Mark on an outline map (paper for permanent keeping) the location of the principal Mission Stations of your denomination. Use gummed seals or paper flags to indicate these. Have each seal or flag named after the missionaries who are working at these particular centers.

4. On the map place a large gilt seal, cross, or flag at Calcutta. On it write the names of William Carey, Henry Martyn, Alexander Duff, J. M. Thoburn.

5. Use a few minutes of the class hour by having a "class in arithmetic." Compare the area, population, number of missionaries, number of schools, etc., with other countries.

6. On the blackboard, before the class, summarize the work of your own Board in India.

7. Describe the Hindu custom of bathing in the Ganges River.

Search Questions and Themes.

1. The first missionaries to India. Nos. 42, 59, 60, 61, 62, 70.

2. Medical missions in India. Nos. 36, 63.

3. The evils of their religions. Nos. 35, 37, 42, 70.
4. Living in villages. Nos. 60, 70.
5. Orphan children.
6. The caste system. 35, 42, 60.
7. A Hindu fakir.
8. The every-day life of a boy.
9. How missionaries work in India. 39, 42, 60, 63, 70, 73.
10. India's great cities.

DAUD AND NADIR.

DAUD was the only son of a village Christian Hindu. There was a happy look on his brown, sober face as he gathered the leaves from the low branches of the mango-trees for their little kid to eat. He heard "Moti," the kid, bleating from the court behind their hut, where it was tied; but he did not hurry, for he was waiting for Nadir, the merchant's son. He could see Nadir laying on the back of his father's buffalo, which stood in the middle of the mill-pond that stretched from below the village well to the sugar-cane fields beyond. Nadir must soon drive home the buffaloes, for the sun's rim was already touching the high sugar-cane tops. Daud would wait, and walk to the edge of the village with him; for he had something to tell him—the something his mother had told him in the morning, over which he now smiled to himself.

Many things puzzled Daud. His being a

Christian set him apart from the village lads in a way he did not like nor understand. They often teased him and vexed him, refusing to let him join in their games. They said he was an outcast and accursed of their gods. Even Nadir, the kindest and gentlest of the boys, would ask where and what was his God. That was the hardest of all, for he did not know. Ever since Daud could remember he had folded his hands each night and prayed the words his mother had taught him. He had never seen any God, except sometimes, when he looked up into his mother's eyes, he thought perhaps he was there. But Nadir would not believe that. So, often at night, before falling asleep, Daud would wish that he could see his own God, even as Nadir saw his, when his mother put the fresh marigold wreaths around its head and offered it sweetmeats and rice.

Then, too, every year at the time when the yellow flowers bloomed, Nadir's god held a great festival on the banks of the Jumna River. It was the year before that Nadir, dressed in a new coat of orange and

blue, had gone to this festival with his father and mother. Ever since he had returned he talked of the wonderful sights he had seen, and of his god—the god Krishna. Daud listened to Nadir's talk, and was still. All through the season of heat and of rain he secretly longed and prayed that his God, too, might hold a festival somewhere.

It was that morning, while he was eating his breakfast of unleavened cakes and greens, that his mother had told him they were soon going to a festival some thirty miles away, to which a Sahib had invited them. She had told him other things, too, but he was too happy to heed. He waited all day to tell Nadir, and now, as he came slowly along with his buffaloes, Daud threw his bundle of mango-leaves over his shoulder and ran toward him. Nadir, seeing Daud, slipped off the buffalo's back for he liked the lonely Christian boy, and would be glad to walk to the village with him. He hailed him with, "Wherefore does Daud run to meet the merchant's son?"

Daud waited till he caught up with Nadir, and then, looking afar off said, "I, too,

Nadir, go to a religious festival." Nadir was silent as he caught the buffalo's tail and struck at its flanks. As Nadir would not speak, Daud went on, "There I shall see my God, Nadir, and I shall tell thee of him when I return." Nadir but twisted the buffalo's tail and drove on. At the edge of the village he stopped and turning to Daud said, "Daud, the future will tell; but, in my thought, thy God will never be seen."

Even what Nadir said could not make Daud sad during the days that followed. He was quite happy, as he lay out under the babool-tree, in thinking and in dreaming of what he would do and of what he would see at the festival. He had never been further than the neighboring village, and now he was going thirty miles; but it took so long for the day of the journey to come.

At last, one morning, Daud, with a clean coat and a new red handkerchief tied around his neck, started out with his father and mother. They walked between fields drenched with the blue mists of the morning until they came to a village. There they joined the pastor-teacher and the small

company of those who were going to the feast. Daud kept close to his mother's side as they climbed into the bullock-cart which was to take them on their journey.

Along the country roads, between the fields, past village huts, in streams of water, and through the high jungle-grass, the white oxen, ringing the bells that hung from their necks, drew them leisurely on. When the evening came with its setting sun, they stopped on the road by the mango-grove for the night. All day the Christians had sung their glad song and shouted "victory!" to the name of their Christ. But now they were hushed, and with bowed heads they sat around the fire they had built, while their pastor, in simple faith, prayed to their God. Daud slept under the stars that night, and dreamed that the brightest star slipped into his heart, shone there, and said, "I am thy God."

It was noon next day when they rode through the narrow streets of a large, crowded city. Daud's eyes fairly danced as he tried not to miss any sights as they passed. This truly was greater than the

festival Nadir had seen, such sweetmeats, such bright-colored toys! Soon the oxen would stop; then he would get out, and look and look. But the oxen went on. Daud could not wait, and begged his mother to have them stopped. But she answered, "This, my Daud, is not our festival."

When they drove out of the city, down the broad, level road, into a quiet grove, where the driver stopped, saying, "This is the picnic ground," the corner of a new red colored scarf was wet with the tears of a little boy's eyes.

However, Daud soon forgot the city. There were many children playing around the booths in the grove, and near by was a beautiful garden, to which a preacher's little girl took him. While he touched the sweet flowers she told him that the house with the large pillars, and with glass for its roof, was the one where the white minister lived. The other house, over which the shesham-trees hung, was the holy house of their God. Then Daud ceased touching the flowers, walked quietly back to his mother, sat at the door of their booth, and

In Their Younger Days.

looked at the white house of their God rising pure and great among the tall trees.

When the darkness came, Daud, with his hand slipped into his mother's, and with his heart beating loudly, walked in silence toward the temple where his own God was. At last he would see him, and then he could tell Nadir. Through an open doorway they passed, the bright light almost blinding Daud. He looked eagerly forward. There were many worshipers seated in silence, with their heads quietly bowed. He looked upward; the ceiling seemed to reach the sky. Where was his God? They then moved to the front. There, at the farther end of the room, on a double seat, raised slightly, sat one dressed in black, with the face of a God. The face was as white as the sacred flower, and glowed with a calm look of strength and love. That was his God! Daud crept close to his mother and bowed, folding his hands in prayer. When he heard singing, Daud arose. He looked up, and saw his God moving around, and speaking with the voice of a man. It was strange! Daud asked if that was their

God. His mother hushed him by saying: "He is the pastor, son, the priest of our God. Dost thou not know that our God is not seen?" Nadir was right then, and Daud's heart sank back with a sob; but soon he was listening to the words of the minister. They were such simple words, and Daud thought he could understand, only his head kept nodding and nodding, and soon he was fast asleep. He knew nothing more until the cry of a wild pea-hen wakened him next morning.

So the days of the festival went by without making Daud happy about his God. If only the minister had been what Daud thought he was the first night!

It was the last day of the festival. In the morning the bullock-cart would take them again to their village. In the twilight, the smoke of a hundred fires hung over the booths in the grove, for the Christians were cooking their evening meal. Daud sat close to his mother while she patted out the unleavened cakes, and he brought her pieces of wood for her fire. As he sat thus, the minister walked down the long lines of

booths, speaking kindly to the children and fathers and mothers. Perhaps—would he speak to Daud?

With slightly-stooping shoulders, with his white hair and beard, and the deep look of love in his eyes, Daud felt that he could worship this man without fear. And now he was drawing nearer. Would he pass? No; for already his hand was on Daud's black, shiny head, and his eyes looked into Daud's as he said, "Our Christ can dwell in the youngest boy's heart. Is it not good?" Then he was gone. But to Daud it was as if the star he had dreamed of shone again in his heart, and a sweet voice kept saying, "I am Christ thy God."

After they had returned to the village, Daud met Nadir sitting idly by the village well, and joined him. "The way has been long, Nadir, back to the village, for my heart has been wishing for thee."

"Thou dost seem happy, Daud."

"Surely, Nadir, I have found my God."

"Thou didst see him there at the festival?"

"Nay, Nadir, but he came to my heart."

Nadir laughed: "So all of your Christians talk," and added, "I would that I, too, was happy in the heart," as he ran to his father's call.

As the cold season came, Daud walked much with Nadir, driving the buffaloes back and forth from the mill-pond. He tried to teach him then what he had learned, but Nadir would not understand. Daud had done all he could; and now, if only the pastor would come and lay his hand on the head of Nadir as he had done on his own! For that Daud now prayed.

Before half the cold season passed, Daud and Nadir were true friends. In spite of the threat of his father, Nadir often took Daud out on the back of his buffalo into the midst of the pond. There they would lie, bathing in the glow of the morning sun, or slipping off the buffalo's back into the shallow water, they would look for the pond-nuts together, always talking of the days that would come when they were grown men.

It was after the village priest had seen that Nadir's heart had gone out to Daud's,

that two of the merchant's buffaloes died. Nadir was beaten for that. But when next day the third one died, it was whispered that the evil eye of the Christian lad had fallen on them. Then Nadir's father watched for Daud.

For six days Nadir, as he passed by the Christian hut, sang the song of the hawk and the chick that strayed from the mother hen, and Daud kept from the village street. On the seventh day a messenger came, saying the minister had come to the village of Puran Dass, lying three miles to the south. The wish of Daud's heart had come. He would take Nadir to the minister and ask him to lay his hand on his head, that Nadir, too, might know of God. Nadir was found by the mill-pond. He listened to Daud and said: "I will go to him, Daud, but I may not leave till dusk. Go thou a secret way through the fields. My father has gone to the north, but who knows if others watch?" Daud went safely until within a mile of the village of Puran Dass. There he was caught by the village priest, beaten and thrown to the ground. He lay there, un-

conscious and with a broken limb. It was growing dark when he came to himself. He first thought of the pain, then of Nadir. For Nadir's sake he must get to the preacher.

The minister at night was preaching under the village council-tree, with a dim lamp flickering its light on his face. In the midst of his words, a little boy's form dragged itself to his feet, and in a low voice said, "Pastor, lay thy hand on Nadir."

Many days passed—seasons of heat and seasons of rain in turn. It was the time for the sowing of wheat, when one evening two village lads walked together arm in arm; for the stronger was helping the weaker one, who limped, being lamed for life. It was he who spoke as the sun's rim touched the high tops of the trees.

"Thou dost leave me soon, Nadir."

"Fear not, Daud, my father doth send thee, too, with me to the school. Thy father and mother gave their word of consent this morning and I was bidden to tell

THE BOYS' SCHOOL. 111

thee of it. Nay, I could not leave thee, my brother, thou who hast taught all of us of thy Christ."

THE INDIAN PEOPLE.

In India at the present time, there are about one million Christians, and half of these are Roman Catholics.

The average Hindu is not strong physically. Occasionally one is found who, when in good health, can endure more and labor more than the boasting Englishman. Many of them are weak and feeble, and subject to all forms of loathsome diseases.

There are few large cities. About ninety per cent of the people live in towns of two thousand and less. The village usually contains about five hundred people. Each village considers itself independent of the other villages and the Central Government.

The *caste system* is a social distinction between different classes of people. At first there were four main classes of people; viz., the priests, the warriors, the farmers, and the common laborers. There are many

subdivisions now. As high as twenty thousand caste names have been reported.

The people of one caste have nothing whatever to do with those of another caste. As a result, there is much discord. To do manual labor is a disgrace. Early marriages are common, and the individual has lost all of his originality and independence. How can Jesus help them?

The children and the women of India are among the most needy in the world. Day-schools and Sunday-schools, with their picture cards, exercises, and gospel songs, attract the children. A lady medical missionary with her ministering can reach the poor, degraded, suffering women.

Questions for the Lesson.

1. How do Hindu boys spend their time?
2. In what was Daud's God different from Nadir's?
3. What kind of a meeting was the Christian Festival?
4. Why was Daud disappointed in the place of holding the festival?
5. Where did Daud look for his God?

6. How did the missionary help Daud to find his God?

7. How was Daud's life changed?

8. Why did the village priest hate Daud?

9. What did Daud do for his little friend?

10. How and why did Nadir and Daud both go to school?

Search Questions and Themes.

1. Girl-wives. Nos. 35, 73.

2. Little widows. Nos. 35, 73.

3. Famine children.

4. A Hindu wedding.

5. The Zenana—what is it? The life within it. No. 35.

6. The Alhambra—what is it? What does it stand for? (See Encyclopedia.)

7. The market-place in the cities.

8. The River Ganges.

9. What can the Gospel do for the girls and women of India? Nos. 35, 36.

10. Five reasons why India needs Christ.

Suggestions for Class Use and the Missionary Meeting.

1. Let some member of the class pay a visit to the Alhambra two weeks in advance

of the meeting, and report it. (See Encyclopedia.)

2. Hold a "Question-box" on India. Let the members ask any or all kinds of questions. Your pastor or some teacher will be glad to answer the questions.

3. Assign to six or seven older members "Five-minnte Talks" with the missionaries of your own denomination now in India. (Consult Missionary Society Annual Report and current papers.)

4. Appoint an "Explorer." Let him tell of the new and strange things he has seen, the hardships he has encountered, etc.

5. Have the members respond to roll-call by giving some short, pointed fact concerning India, its people, and the missionary's work. (Use clippings, reference books, and letters from missionaries.)

6. Spend a day with one of the boys, or with a girl-wife, or with the missionary.

7. Make a list of the "red-letter" days in the missionary story of India. Have each member copy it in his note-book.

TATTERS AND FRITZ.

TATTERS stood on the dock of the port of Hamburg, and watched the busy men hurrying to and fro, loading up a great ship which was soon to sail for Christiania. He pulled his ragged cap down further over his eyes, and shivered a little as the rough wind whistled around him; for it was a December day, and Tatters had very few clothes on to keep him warm. Indeed, he had earned his name because of the dilapidated condition of his garments. Within his memory of twelve years he could not recall a single time when he had worn a full suit of clothes. Sometimes he had shoes and trousers, but no waistcoat; and frequently he wore a coat with nothing under it; while his raiment was always torn and hanging from him in rags.

All this troubled Tatters little, for he was a happy-go-lucky laddie, with a freckled nose, tawny hair, very straight and ill-kept, and a pair of eyes which would twinkle even

on the coldest days and under the most forlorn circumstances. He was a general favorite with all the other boys who haunted the wharves, and had, thus far, managed to evade the law which prevails in Germany that every child must go to school. How he had done this, under the vigilant eyes of the policemen, no one knew. Tatters himself cared nothing about learning.

"Hello!" he said, turning on his bare heel to greet a boy who ran out from under the shadow of the big ship. "Where did you come from, Hans?"

"From the hold of that vessel," replied the boy, pointing toward the ocean steamer. "It's glorious down there, playing in among the bales and hiding from the watchman. Come down and have a try."

"No, thank you," responded Tatters, standing still in his place, although his merry eyes grew wistful, as he saw his friend go back to his game.

Nothing was more fascinating than those big ships, with their many hiding-places and their tiny cabins. Tatters had often wished that he could run away to sea, off

where there were no crowded streets, no brutal men, and where the sunshine shone upon the dancing waves. But there was a reason why Tatters had not gone long before this, and that reason was now coming down the narrow path to the dock.

A boy, with bent shoulders and weary step, passed slowly into the confusion of the ship-loading. He had a very sweet face, but one which was so lined with suffering that even a stranger would have been attracted to it. Tatters sauntered up to him.

"I 've been waiting for you a long time, Fritz," he said gently, and, taking the smaller boy's hand, he led him to a pile of heavy cases which were waiting to be shipped. "Here we can see splendidly. Get up there, old fellow."

By the help of Tatters's strong hand, Fritz was soon seated upon the top, and looked with deep interest at all that was passing. Men were hastening from the land to the vessel, bearing upon their backs great loads of freight, and officers, dressed in spotless uniform, ran back and forth, shouting orders and scolding lazy sailors.

"If I were well, I would go to sea," said Fritz, at last. "Why don't you go, Tatters? You are strong and free."

Tatters looked down at his companion, and a queer grimace came over his face. "What would you do, Fritz, if I were on the other side of the water?"

Fritz drew a long breath. "I should try to bear it, if it were for your good, Tatters. I shall never forget all that you have done for me. Who else but you has carried me in his arms when I could not walk, or staid by me during the night when my back was bad? I shall never forget it."

"Never mind that," said Tatters, quite embarrassed. "Do you know, Fritz, I saw something funny last night. I was walking down there by the wharves, strolling along, wondering what I should do with myself, when I saw a crowd of sailors entering a room where was a bright light. So I thought maybe there might be something going on which I should not like to miss, and I went in with a big fellow, just as if I was his child. And it was so funny, to think that I belonged to somebody!

How do you suppose it feels to have a father to take care of you, Fritz?"

"I don't know, I am sure," replied Fritz. "I never tried it."

"Nor I. After taking care of myself for all these years, it would be strange enough to live with somebody who loved me. And yet, Fritz,"—there was a little sob in Tatters's voice, though he hid it with a laugh,—"inside that hall there was a man speaking. He had such a good face, Fritz, with pleasant eyes and a kind mouth; it looked as if it never said anything that was wicked. He told about a Father who lives in heaven, who looks down upon the earth and upon all of us, big or little; and when he said that, he seemed to be speaking to me, for I was the only little fellow there. Once upon a time this Father sent his Son—his only Son, he said—to earth; and his name was Jesus."

Fritz interrupted him with a cry: "Why, Tatters, that's the same one whose name was written up in the big church where we we went in one day and found it all full of greens and beautiful flowers."

"And where they turned us out because we had n't any ticket," responded Tatters, grimly. "Well, it seems that this Jesus came to save people from their sins. One of the sailors laughed right out when the man said that, and shouted, 'He can't save me, preacher; I 'm too bad.' Then the man stopped and looked right at the fellow,—it was drunken Peter; you know him?"

Fritz nodded.

"The preacher said: 'It is written in the good Book, "Whosoever cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."'"

"Is that all?" inquired Fritz.

"I do n't remember much else, except that the Father in heaven loves us all. Did you ever hear anything like it, Fritz? We have a Father, but he is in heaven; and he loves us, though it does n't look much like it sometimes, does it?"

"No," replied the other little fellow. "If he did, perhaps my back would get better, and you would have some new clothes!"

Tatters looked down at his rags with a

puzzled glance. That practical side of the matter had not occurred to him before.

"O, there was something else," he said; "I meant to tell you about it. The man played on a sort of box, and it was very pretty, and then he sang. I kept saying it over and over to myself afterwards, so that I could sing it to you."

"Go ahead!" commanded Fritz, leaning back against the cases comfortably.

Tatters stood up and took off his cap.

"'I have a Father in the Promised Land,'"

he sang in a clear voice.

"'My Father calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the Promised Land.'"

"Look out there, youngster!" called a voice, and before any one could stop it, or turn it from its course, a great box came down upon them. Fritz was just in its path. The machinery had in some way got out of order, and the men could no longer control it. Nearer and nearer came the box, swung on the unmanageable crane, and the boys, too terrified to move, crouched down. Suddenly Tatters sprang forward

and pushed Fritz away. He had seen the danger which threatened the cripple and had thrown himself into his place. The box fell, but Fritz was safe from harm. Poor Tatters lay quite senseless when the men lifted the weight from his leg.

"Is he dead?" asked the officer, looking pityingly at the motionless form.

"I don't think so, sir. We must get him to a hospital."

"Send him to the deaconesses," shouted another. "Here's the preacher now."

The same kindly man who had told the homeless boy of the Father's love stood beside him, and gently stroked his face.

"O, tell me he won't die, sir!" whispered Fritz, clinging to his arm in great distress.

The preacher took the delicate hand in his. "Do you love him so?" he asked.

"He has been so kind to me, sir; I can't tell you. And just now he saved my life. He gave his life for me, sir."

Through the preacher's mind flashed the words, "I gave my life for thee; what hast thou given for me?"

Gently the men lifted the boy's body and

placed it in the ambulance. All that day and during the night he lay unconscious in the pleasant children's ward of the Deaconess Hospital at Eppendorf. The birds sang their songs outside the broad window, but he heard them not. The sweet-faced women, accustomed to suffering and prepared to soothe it, bent over him, but the blue eyes never opened.

Just as the dawn crept through the window, the deaconess who was sitting quietly beside her charge heard a voice singing. The words were familiar to her:

> "I have a Father in the Promised Land.
> My Father calls me, I must go,
> To meet him in the Promised Land."

"Thou shalt not go yet, my boy," she said, and Tatters looked up into her face.

"Where am I! Is Fritz dead? Is this heaven, where the man said the Father lived?"

The eyes of the deaconess filled with tears, and she bent down and kissed the lad, whose brow had not been pressed by woman's lips for many a long day.

"Fritz is not dead, my boy, and thou art not in heaven yet, though I trust that, when thy Father calls thee, thou wilt be ready to go to see him in that beautiful home."

It would take too long to tell you of the days which Tatters spent under the charge of the good deaconesses out at pleasant Eppendorf, or of the songs which he learned, and the beautiful stories which they told him of the love of Jesus. He put them all away in his mind, to tell to Fritz when he should see him again.

One day, when the spring had come and the daffodils and violets were blossoming in the garden of the hospital. Tatters was dressed in a whole new suit. He looked at himself admiringly.

"Do you know, sister," he whispered, as he put his arm around her neck, "that I never had a suit of clothes before?"

She held him close.

"I think it must be the Father in heaven who sent it to me," he continued, and then he looked up to see Fritz smiling at him and holding tightly to the preacher's hand.

When the two boys were left alone, they sat very still for a long time.

Then Fritz said, with a break in his voice, "I can't thank you, Tatters; you saved my life."

"O, come now, Fritz," said Tatters, laughing. "But look here, I'm not going to be Tatters any more; I know about the Father in heaven, Fritz, and I'll tell you all about him some day. And if I have a Father there, I must do something to make him proud of me, so I'm going to study and when I get big I shall tell others about how he loves us and how he sent his only Son to save us. He must have loved us very much, Fritz, to do that."

There was silence again, and a merry little bird outside in the cherry blossoms sang her melody all through.

"My name is John, now, Fritz."

"I shall forget that, Tatters—John, I mean—but I'll never forget what you've done for me."

"Nor about the Father, Fritz."

"No," said the little cripple, softly.

EUROPE.

Mission stations in Europe are located in the following countries: Germany, Bulgaria, Austria, Italy, France, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, and Switzerland.

Five American missionary societies have work in Papal Europe. Most of the field is occupied by fourteen British societies.

In Italy, Spain, France, and Austria, the work of the Protestant missionary is against the tyranny of the Papal Church.

The missionary Church, with its pure, simple, free, primitive gospel, wins the hearts of people who have long been bound by the alliances and rituals of "State" or "historic" Churches.

Missionaries from American Churches have been the starters of nearly every reform on the Continent of Europe. These reforms include temperance, free Bibles, work among sailors, deaconess work, etc.

The need is represented in Christiania, Norway. That city has 250,000 people. The churches of the city accommodate only 20,000 people.

Spain has sixty-five Catholic cathedrals and 30,000 Catholic churches and the like. It has a population of 18,000,000, and not half of them can read and write.

Questions for the Lesson.

1. Locate on the map of Europe the cities of Hamburg and Christiania.
2. Describe the general appearance of Tatters.
3. Why were Tatters and Fritz such great friends?
4. What was lacking in the lives of both boys?
5. What was the missionary's message to Tatters at the mission house?
6. From what church were the boys turned out?
7. What was there in the song that Tatters liked?
8. What did the missionary preacher do besides preaching?
9. What do the deaconesses do for the people?
10. Do the children of Papal Europe need the gospel of Christ?

Search Questions and Themes.

1. Missionaries in Europe—Robert McAll, William Nast, William Bent, Albert Clark, Miss Ellen Stone, etc. Nos. 58, 59, 60, 61, 62.

2. Miss Stone's capture and release in Bulgaria.

3. A Spanish cathedral.

4. The Pope and the Vatican. No. 44, and any Encyclopedia.

5. Christianity in Rome. (See Reports of your Missionary Society.)

6. Persecutions of Christians in Europe.

7. The Catholic Church in France.

Suggestions for Class Use and the Missionary Meeting.

1. The importance of this field easily justifies its place in our program of study. The best class-work can be done by taking up the work of the separate denominations. For Methodists, the field is specially interesting. Read your denominational "Report."

2. Let five or six members write short essays on the following subjects: Child Life, Home Life, Form of Government,

Schools. Apply these subjects to the different countries.

3. The lesson offers the best kind of map work: Make the outline maps large. Mark the capitals with a star; the mission stations with pure white paper flags. If possible, have small flags of each nation, and "raise the flag on each capital." Put a large cross at Rome.

4. Take advantage of this lesson to present the evils of Roman Catholicism in Europe.

5. Secure, if possible, some one who has traveled in Europe to conduct a question box, or tell the class of his European journeys, especially that which concerns the life of the boys and girls.

6. By all means have a "New's Reporter" for this lesson. Let him report the condition of your denominational work at the important stations.

7. The Methodists will interest their classes in the fine mission building in Rome.

PAI CHAI HAKDANG.

"Hall for Rearing Useful Men."

THE children one sees playing on the streets of Korean cities are nearly all survivors of the fittest, as the vast majority die in infancy, because of the ignorance of the mothers and grandmothers.

About the year 1880, before Korea was open to foreigners, in the city of Seoul, there came a little baby boy to the house of a Korean nobleman. There were already eight children born to them; but one by one they had been carried outside of the city, in the early dawn, to be buried in a shallow hole in the ground. The mother might not even see its little face after the child had died! Lest the spirits be angry, the father hurriedly bound it up in some straw, and alone, or perhaps with a servant, made the lonely trip to the vast city of the dead.

Now, lest the evil spirit which had ruled

"Strapped to the Back." 133

the household so long, should think that the parents loved this little fellow and wanted to keep him, the mother and grandmother together decided to name him Toajie, "Pig." Evil spirits can be cheated, and in the minds of the Song family it was a success, for the boy survived the hundred days in which he was kept lying flat on his back on a stone floor, under which a gentle fire was kindled from time to time. He lived through the after months, which he spent mostly strapped to the back of a small boy, who played "hop-skotch," as well as "tag," and kite flying, and a few other things, which he did regardless of the way the baby's head bobbed and rolled around.

When summer came and Toajie was given raw mellons, cucumbers, and such things to eat, as the custom is in Korea, he declined with his sweetest baby smile, and so the evil spirit grew tired of waiting for such a lad, and left the house forever.

In the summer he was dressed like other boys, in a pair of low shoes and a jacket. Even this clothing was thrown aside in July,

for the perfect freedom of making mud pies and building dams. July is the month when all Korea rejoices to see the heavens open

SUMMER STRAW HATS.

and send down the lifegiving rain, which floods the rice-fields, thus insuring the food-crop for the year.

Toajie's father was a learned man in the

"With Their Legs Curled under Them."

government service. When the lad was eight, the father decided that the study of the Ancient Chinese Classics was not enough for his son, and that he would send him to the new school where English was taught, even though there was some risk of his being taught the "Jesus doctrine." The father liked the teacher of this school, having met him several times, and he decided that a man with such a genial manner and with whom he could enjoy such a hearty laugh could not be very dangerous.

It almost broke two hearts to part with the boy; but they found comfort in making the little jackets of fancy silk, and trousers of white cotton quilted with many a stitch, and tied at the ankles with colored ribbons. His hair was parted in the middle and braided in a single plait down his back, and when he had donned his long coat of dark-blue silk gauze, he looked for all the world like a little girl! To me he did, before I knew that all little Korean schoolboys wear their hair that way, and dress as nearly like him as they are able.

The years went by happily at the school

on the hill. True, he had to learn the Catechism, Apostles' Creed, The Lord's Prayer, and the whole of St. John's Gospel in Korean; but then, when boys can sit with their legs curled under them and weave back and forth, all yelling their lessons at once at the top of their voices, they can put in considerable study, and not know that it is work.

Nearly all the boys had to work several hours a day in the mission press and bindery connected with the school, in order to pay for their board and clothing; but as Toajie's father paid for him, he had leisure for himself. In the school compound there was a very broad well, and to play on the edge of this was a delight. One day he leaned over too far and went head over heels into the well. Being promptly rescued, this did not impress him as much as it did his father, whose gratitude that his son was spared to him was beyond expression, and he began to think of some practical way of showing it.

Being high in the king's favor, the father brought to his attention the very valuable work Pai Chai College was doing. It was

made so clear to His Majesty, that Toajie's father was made a special messenger to request that the government be allowed to place pupils in the school at a price to be agreed upon. This was carried out, and thus it came about that Pai Chai College was practically supported for seven years by a heathen king, who paid to have his boys taught what he knew to be Christian teaching.

A little while before Toajie's birth, two other little people came to Korea to live. One was a girl baby who came to a home already too full, and to parents whose hearts had no love for her. She grew to be a perfect elf, apt at dodging blows, and most of the time was to be found on the streets. She had no caste to lose, and nobody would have cared had she been stolen and sold into slavery.

When she was about ten, her mother heard that there was an American lady who would take girls and clothe and feed them. This was an opportunity to get rid of little Koemie. Although they believed that she

might be killed and her eyes used to make medicine for the foreign doctor, it was no reason for not sending her. So Koemie became the first pupil of Ewa Hak Tang.

To tame her required all the energies of the teacher for several months; but that training has lasted from that time until this. It goes that way in the Orient. One well taught teaches others; and as one by one other girls came, Koemie felt the responsibility of their training, and laid aside her elfish tricks to become the right hand of the teacher she loved so well.

The third was the son of a fisherman, and smelled of the sea. With sunburned, freckled face, and all his worldly goods in a small bundle upon his back, he applied to Pai Chai for admission. He had come fifty miles in an open boat from the island of Quelpart, and was eager for learning, having already a considerable knowledge of Chinese.

He had no money but would work. Being given some portion of the Scriptures to translate, he took it to his apartment, read it, and, with grief and fear, returned it,

GIRLS' SCHOOL AT PENG YANG.

saying he did not dare to have such a book in his possession. But the seed had entered good ground, and the words he had read would not leave him, but so worked upon him that he was soon glad to copy the book, and became a zealous Christian.

When he had finished his school course he married our little Koemie, this being the first wedding of a Christian boy and girl from the schools, and it was a great event.

Before Mr. and Mrs. Kang made a home for themselves, they made a visit to Quelpart, to tell the people there of Jesus. They were the first Protestant Christians to take the message to that island.

Upon their return he became a teacher in Pai Chai, and they made a little home for themselves, and God gave them two children. Thus is being founded a new Korea, which owns Christ for its King.

KOREA.

"THE LAND OF THE MORNING CALM."

It resembles our own Florida.

Has an area of 84,000 square miles. Compare with Japan.

It is inhabited by about 12,000,000 people. How many to the square mile?

One hundred and forty-one missionaries are now working in Korea.

Its climate is one of the best in the world. In the summer it is hot and rainy, but always plenty of sea-breeze. The winters are dry and healthful.

The common dress color is white, and little or no wool is worn.

The boys part their hair in the middle, and wear it in a long braid.

The children are very fond of games. They go to picnics, use the bow and arrow, and play with brass gongs and tambourines. They also dance, gamble, and barter away their wives.

The people, before they become Christians, worship their ancestors by placing food, drink, and tobacco in the room where the dead once lived. They also worship spirits or demons that are supposed to live in nests of straw, etc., built for them in the houses and trees.

The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland sent the first missionaries to Korea.

This was in 1873. Dr. H. N. Allen, of the Presbyterian Church, was the first missionary to reside there. He arrived in 1884.

One of the emperor's sons is at present in this country, to be educated in one of our leading Christian schools.

Medical missions have done much for Korea. Learn about the work of Dr. Allen.

Questions for the Lesson.

1. What is the fate of most Korean children?
2. Why do the parents do this?
3. How are Korean boys dressed?
4. What is the "Jesus doctrine?"
5. Describe Toajie's life at school.
6. Why did the king support the college?
7. How did Koemie get started to school?
8. What led to Koemie's marriage to Mr. Kang?
9. How were their lives changed?
10. What is the missionary's most important work in Korea?

Search Questions and Themes.

1. Korea's farm products.
2. The Korea-American "war."
3. The island of Quelport.

4. Dr. Allen and his work for missions.

5. The Roman Catholic Church in Korea.

6. What the gospel can do for Korea's children. No. 50.

7. Why Korea is called the Hermit Nation.

Suggestions for Class Use and the Missionary Meeting.

1. Make your outline map show the position of Korea with reference to Japan, China, and the Philippine Islands.

2. Have one member of the class write a letter to a missionary in Seoul. Let another assume the part of the missionary, and reply.

3. Divide the class into two divisions. Let one question the other on missionary work in Korea; the leader acting as "judge."

4. Compare, by statistics on blackboard, Korea and Minnesota.

5. Let some member tell the difference between Korean and Chinese children.

YO HACHI.

As we were returning to America in 1891, a number of us were one day standing on the main deck of the vessel, looking down through the open hatchway into the steerage quarters. For the sake of light and air there is sure to be a crowd there at any hour. Some were reading, some lounging, and more gambling. Gambling is the chief pleasure of Chinese passengers. There were, besides the Chinese, a number of Japanese in the steerage. There stood near me an

THE EAST AND THE WEST.

English missionary from India, who, with his American wife, was going home on furlough. He thought the Japanese most interesting, and never tired watching them. Presently he turned and smilingly said: "These people are very quaint and have such queer little faces. They look as

A "PARADISE OF BABIES."

though their eyes had been forgotten, and a slit cut and their eyes slipped in afterward."

Japan has been very aptly called the "Paradise of Babies," and it certainly is true that much is done for their pleasure. Childhood is the same the world over. The Japanese child is easily led, easily taught; but his heart is selfish, and he is bound to have his own way if he can get it, just the

same as any American child. In Japan the child often rules the whole house. Many years ago our missionary was out in the country on one of his preaching tours, and at one place stopped with the head man of the village, who was quite well off. There was in the family an only child—a fine, bright little fellow of about three years of age. Everything and everybody had to give way to this youngster. During one of his visits, the missionary was awakened in the middle of the night by the noise of the doors being opened and shut, the hurried running of feet, and saw the flitting to and fro of lanterns outside. Finally everything was quiet and he went to sleep. In the morning he learned the cause of the excitement: The roguish little boy had awakened and demanded to be taken out in a boat for a sail upon the pond near the house. The foolish parents, instead of giving him a good dose of "spankweed tea," had the nurse and other servants called to take him for his ride. The child was not so much to be blamed as his parents. The boy did not care; he wanted the fun and he

got it. The parents think that there is not much of good in boys. This is their greatest wrong. Nowhere can there be found brighter, more ambitious children than in Japan. Their little black eyes will fairly snap when competing with each other in school work.

When the missionaries first went to Japan they could not find any girls to teach, as the people believed in teaching only the boys. One lady, seeing she could not get girls, said she would teach boys, and so opened a school in 1870, and taught only boys for about two years. In the meantime she found, here and there, parents who were willing to have their little girls educated.

One day, to the amazement of the boys, the lady said, "Now, boys, after next week you can not come to this school, as I am going to teach only little girls; but my husband will open a school for boys." Once the lady saw one very bright little fellow intently writing on his slate, and then come holding it out for her to read. There in good, plain English were these

"He wanted Fun and He got it."

words, "I am a woman." Sure enough, "a woman" she was and had been all these two years, and a woman she intended to remain, even though she had worn boy's clothes and had followed the boy style of cutting the hair. Her education meant more than the cut of the hair or the fashion of the gown. When the new school for girls was opened, she was there, dressed as all the other demure little maids. To teach these boys and girls is the great work of the missionary in Japan. The results are ofttimes big enough to put away any doubts concerning the value of such work. Among these quaint little fellows was "Yo Hachi," now a resident of one of our great American cities.

He was born near the old castle-town of Shirakawa (White River), about one hundred and twenty miles north of Tokio. Missionaries began work in the town about 1884. In the crowd that stood or sat about the missionary, was this young boy named "Yo Hachi." He was a rosy-cheeked, handsome lad, with the most bewitching big, brown eyes. It did one good to look into

his honest face, it was so full of life and honest endeavor. In 1887 there was an eclipse of the sun, and as the town of Shirakawa was one of the places where the eclipse would be total for several minutes, it was selected by the astronomers from America as the one from which to make observations. Foreigners from many countries and nations by the hundreds flocked there to see the mysterious darkening of the sun. It was a great day for the old castle-town; but it was a greater day for Yo Hachi, as it opened for him the door of hope into a broader, better life. His bright face and courteous manner attracted the attention of one of the missionaries, who saw there was pluck and worth in the lad, and that all he needed was a chance in the world. Finding Yo Hachi was a member of the Church, he came to see if some arrangement could not be made to have him enter the mission school in Tokio. This friend said he would give a certain sum each month toward his support, and we said we would do something also, and in this way the boy's education was assured.

"Worked Hard every Day." 157

He was a most enthusiastic student, and worked hard every day. He was not spoiled, but was made to depend upon his own exertions. Bravely did he do his part.

One summer he secured permission to collect funds for some charitable institution, and he was to receive a certain amount of the money as his pay. He went out to Karni-Tawa, the great summer resort for foreigners, and did well in his attempts. While there he was in the home of one of our faithful missionaries, and she has told of his brave struggles to earn his own money. His courage was magnificent, and amid all his trials he remained steadfast in his Christian life, and graduated from Aoyama College in 1893, and took one year of post-graduate work. He was then ready for active, useful manhood. His business life has been most with steamship companies. For a year or two he was assistant purser on one of the regular liners running between Hong-Kong and San Francisco. His health would not allow him to live at sea, so the company transferred him to their general office, where he is now engaged.

He appreciates the kindness of those who helped him while being educated, and never forgets his old teachers. Twice during the year he has sent boxes of raisins and oranges, to be divided among us all.

Since leaving college he has founded and is supporting a scholarship in the college, and has named it the "McCarter Scholarship," in memory of the old missionary who first made it possible for him to be educated. By this means some young man may be able to attend school every year.

At Christmas time he sent us a fine letter, in which he said: "When I think of my home I naturally think of Aoyama. I always think of you who have been so kind to me, and these thoughts always encourage me when in sorrow, and bind me close to Him. I can not feel to grateful for what you have done for me. Some twelve years ago, when you were leaving for America, I was one of those who went to Shinbaski Station to see you off. Just when the train was about to move, Mrs. S. turned to me and said, 'Be always a good boy, and be a Christian.' Indeed, I can not forget the

words, and I can not but be a Christian so long as I remember the words."

Young people, such are the boys of Japan; and will you not do your part in helping them to the right start in life?

Questions for the Lesson.

1. What is noticeable in the appearance of the Japanese?
2. Why is Japan called the "Paradise of Babies?"
3. In what are the boys more favored than the girls?
4. What is the great work of the missionary in Japan?
5. How did the missionaries find "Yo Hachi?"
6. Why is it important that the Japanese students be lead to know Jesus?
7. How did "Yo Hachi" show his ability?
8. How did he express his gratefulness?
9. How can we help the boys and girls of Japan?
10. How are Japanese children different from Chinese?

JAPAN (And Outlying Islands)

"THE KINGDOM OF THE RISING SUN."

Has an area of 161,198 square miles.

Had *46,543,249* inhabitants in *1898*.

There are *288* people to every square mile of land.

Buddhism is the greatest rival of the Christian religion.

Forty-seven different missionary societies work in Japan. There is one foreign missionary to every 60,172 people.

One hundred and forty-eight Christian day-schools contain 8,794 pupils. How many in your own State?

The Empire of Japan includes five large islands and about 2,000 smaller ones.

More rice can be raised per acre in Japan than elsewhere in the world.

The Japanese are strong physically; intellectual, polite, and very patriotic.

The first Protestant missionary began work in 1859. The first church was started in Yokohama in 1872, and consisted of eleven young men.

The treaty of Commodore Perry in 1854 opened the doors of Japan to commerce, civilization, and the truth of the Gospel.

Japan contains 16 boys' boarding-schools, with 2,270 pupils; 45 girls' boarding-schools, with 3,361 pupils; 949 Sunday-schools, with 36,310; 16 theological schools, with 120 students; and eight dispensaries.

Search Questions and Themes.

1. The Japanese Home.
2. The Family Circle.
3. Japan's seaport towns.
4. Tokio, the capital.
5. The mountain scenery of Japan.
6. The Japanese student.
7. Games for boys and girls. 51, 54, 55, 56, 57.
8. The China and Japan war.
9. Why are Japanese called the Americans of the East?
10. Why is the ministering of the gospel in Japan very urgent?

Suggestions for Class Use and the Missionary Meeting.

1. In drawing the outline map of Japan disregard the smaller islands. The main outline of the form of the five larger islands is what is needed.

2. Mark mission stations and names of missionaries as before.

3. Draw on the blackboard a large square. Divide this with 400 smaller squares (20 x 20). Each square represents 1,000,000 people, the whole the population of China. Color in red 40 squares in one corner. These represent Japan's population. Then put in United States in another color, and so on until all are taken.

4. Let some member go "sight-seeing" in Tokio and report what is seen.

5. Let another leave America as a missionary under appointment to Nagasaki. Describe outfit, preparation, sailing on sea, and arrival.

6. Have an "information box." Let the members write one sentence concerning Japan. Collect the slips, and then read aloud.

MAP DRAWING AND BLACKBOARD WORK.

In either class or missionary meeting, missionary lessons can be taught and impressed no more effectively than by a large use of maps and the blackboard. Boys and girls become more or less familiar with the maps of the various countries in the public schools. Their interest is not a missionary interest. To give them a missionary interest in each country is our aim.

1. Materials. Plain manilla paper cut to a convenient size, colored soft pencils, colored crayon, ink and pens, a measuring rule, some twine, any up-to-date common school geography. With these materials you can make splendid maps.

2. Drawing the Maps. Usually should be done at home by the pupils. Occasionally, it should be done before the class in an offhand way. Plain outline work is always the best. Do not put on the maps

numerous details which will detract from the points to be emphasized. By marking off squares the outline of any country or district can easily be traced. Then, by gummed stars or labels, or by colored pencil-marks, the principal cities and mission centers should be indicated. Other points of interest can be indicated in some way.

3. USE IN CLASS OR MEETING. Hang the outline map in a conspicuous place before the class. There are no names on it. First, each place must be named. Let the children write in the names before the class.

Let them place the gummed stars on the mission stations. They do not know the names of the great missionary centers. This is your opportunity. Then, by letting them print in the names before the class, associate with the places the names of the missionaries. Multiply this work according to the class and ability of the members.

Trace journeys in the same manner, asking for a description of cities and towns as you pass through them.

ADDITIONAL MAPS. By all means, have on hand a Missionary Map of the World,

such as can be obtained from any Missionary Board. Also maps of your own denominational work.

5. Have the blackboard ready for use at all times. The statistics given in the text-book, especially those concerning the area and population of each country, lend themselves to all sorts of combinations and comparisons to teach missionary lessons. By adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing, compare the different countries. How many people to each square mile? How many people to each missionary? How many square miles (on the average) does each missionary travel? etc. Finally, draw your lesson of the great need. The child mind will be impressed.

THE MONTHLY MISSIONARY MEETING.

MANY Junior Societies will find it impracticable to conduct a Mission Study class apart from the regular meetings of the Chapter. Let it be understood that the best work can be done by a class meeting on a week-day night for nine or ten weeks until the book is completed. When this is not possible, then use the text-book as a basis of the monthly missionary meeting. The following program for such a meeting may be suggestive:

1. Singing. Use bright songs and great missionary hymns. There are other great hymns besides "The Morning Light is Breaking" and "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

2. Prayer. By the members of the class. Write on the blackboard the objects for which special definite prayer is needed.

3. Scripture Lesson. Read in concert, alternating, or given from memory.

4. The reading of the Narrative. Have different members of the class read aloud the story. Stop the person reading at any time and call on another. Use various methods to hold strict attention.

5. The Questions on the Lesson.

6. The Search Questions and Themes. Assign these, so as to give ample time for preparation.

7. Map Work.

8. Special Blackboard Work.

9. Additional Exercises, as provided for in "Suggestions for Class Use and the Missionary Meeting."

10. Special Prayer and Closing Exercises.

BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND SUPPLEMENTARY READING.

The following is a list of carefully-selected books on subjects concerning the missions of the various countries treated in this text-book. The list does not pretend to be exhaustive, but only suggestive. It is also intended to be a *practical* list. Most of the books are available in the public school, the Sunday-school, the Young People's Society, or the pastor's library of every town and Church. The books are numbered in order, and are referred to occasionally by number. For instance, No. 11 refers to book number eleven in the list. Any of the books may be obtained from your denominational publishing-house for the prices mentioned. The Conquest Missionary Library, the Missionary Campaign Libraries, and the Forward Mission Study Reference Libraries are sold

in sets only. All prices are post-paid except where indicated as *net*. To *net* prices add 10 per cent to cover postage or express charges.

CHINA.

1. The Chinaman as We See Him. By Ira M. Condit. (M. C. L. No. II), . . . $1 50
2. Chinese Heroes. By Dr. Isaac T. Headland. (M. C. L. No. II), (F. M. S. R. L. No. I). Net, ... 1 00
3. China's Only Hope. (C. M. L.), . . . 75
4. Dawn on the Hills of T'ang. By Harlan P. Beach. Cloth, net, ... 50
   Paper, net, ... 35
5. Princely Men in the Heavenly Kingdom. By Harlan P. Beach. (F. M. S. C.) Cloth, net, ... 50
   Paper, net, ... 35
6. The Chinese Boy and Girl. By Isaac T. Headland. Net, ... 1 00
7. Chinese Characteristics. By Dr. Arthur H. Smith, ... 2 00
8. Village Life in China. By Dr. Arthur H. Smith 2 00
9. China and the Chinese. By Dr. John L. Nevius, ... 75
10. The Chinese Slave Girl. The Story of a Woman's Life in China. By Rev. J. A. Davis. (M. C. L. No. I), . . . 75

11. James Gilmour of Mongolia. By Richard Lovett, M. A. (M. C. L. No. I), (F. M. S. R. L. No. I), ... $1 75
12. Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes. By Isaac T. Headland, ... 1 25
13. James Gilmour and His Boys. By Richard Lovett, M. A., ... 1 25
14. Hu Yong Mi: An Autobiography. (M. C. L. No. I), ... 1 00
15. China and the Boxers. By M. E. Beals. Cloth, net, ... 50
Paper, net, ... 30
16. The Siege of Peking. By W. A. D. Martin, ... 1 00
17. The Life of John Kenneth McKenzie. By Mrs. Mary F. Bryson. (M. C. L. No. I), (F. M. S. R. L. No. I), . . . 1 50
18. Among the Mongols. By James Gilmour, ... 1 25

MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA.

19. A Mexican Ranch. By Mrs. Jane P. Duggan. (M. C. L. No. I), ... 1 25
20. Ninito. By Annie M. Barnes, ... 90
21. Protestant Missions in South America. By Harlan P. Beach and others. (M. C. L. No. II). Cloth, net, ... 50
Paper, net, ... 35
22. Izilda: A Story of Brazil, By Annie M. Barnes, ... 1 00

23. Latin America. By Hubert W. Brown, M. A. (M. C. L. No. I). Net, ... $1 20
24. Sketches of Mexico. By John Butler, D. D., ... 1 00

AFRICA.

25. The Price of Africa. By S. Earl Taylor. (F. M. S. C.) Paper, ... 35
Cloth, ... 50
26. A Lone Woman in Africa. By Agnes McAllister. (M. C. L. No. II), ... 1 00
27. In Afric's Forest and Jungles. By R. H. Stone. (C. M. L.), ... 1 00
28. Sketches from the Dark Continent. By Hotchkiss, ... 1 00
29. Mackay of Uganda. By his Sister. (M. C. L. No. I), ... 1 50
30. The Personal Life of David Livingstone. By W. Garden Blaikie, D. D. (M. C. L. No. I), ... 1 50
31. David Livingstone. By Arthur Montefiore, ... 75
32. Pilkington of Uganda. By Chas. F. Harford-Battersby. (M. C. L. No. II), 1 50
33. Samuel Crowther: The Slave Boy who became Bishop of the Niger. By Jesse Page, ... 75
34. "A Life for Africa." The Biography of Rev. A. C. Good. By Parsons, . . 1 25

INDIA.

35. Wrongs of Indian Womanhood. By Mrs. M. B. Fuller. (C. M. L.), . . . $1 25
36. Mary Reed, the Missionary to the Lepers of India. By John Jackson. (C. M. L.), ... 75
37. Lux Christi. By Caroline A. Mason. Cloth, net, ... 50
    Paper, net, ... 35
38. The Bishop's Conversion. By Ellen B. Maxwell. (M. C. L. No. II), ... 1 50
39. The Cobra's Den. By Jacob Chamberlain. (M. C. L. No. II), ... 1 00
40. Among India's Students. By Robert Wilder, ... 30
41. Adventures in Tibet. By William Carey. (M. C. L. No. I), net, ... 1 50
42. Light in the East. By Bishop Thoburn and Bishop Warne. (M. C L. No. I), Cloth, ... 50
    Paper, ... 25
43. Across India at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century. By Lucy E. Guiness, 1 50

EUROPE.

44. Romanism in its Home. By John H. Eager, ... 1 00
45. Spain and Her People. By Jeremiah Zimmerman, net, ... 2 00

46. Italy and the Italians. By George Boardman Taylor, ... $2 00
47. The Cripple of Nuremberg. By Felicia B. Clark, ... 1 25

KOREA.

48. Every-Day Life in Korea. By D. L. Gifford (M. C. L. No. II), ... 1 25
49. Korean Sketches. By James Gale (C. M. L.), ... 1 00
50. Tatong, the Little Slave. A Korean story for Girls. By A. M. Barnes, . 1 25

JAPAN.

51. Japanese Girls and Women. By Miss A. M. Bacon, ... 75
52. Verbeck of Japan. By W. E. Griffis (M. C. L. No. II), ... 1 50
53. The Gist of Japan. By R. B. Perry (C. M. L.), ... 1 25
54. Honda, the Samurai. By W. I. Griffis, 1 50
55. Fairy Tales from Far Japan. By Susan Ballard, ... 75
56. Wee Ones of Japan. By Mae St. John Barnhall, ... 1 00
57. Japanese Jingles. By M. St. J. Barnhall, ... 1 50

GENERAL DESCRIPTION BOOKS.

58. Geography and Atlas of Protestant Missions. By Harlan P. Beach. 2 vols. Net, ... 4 00

59. Foreign Missions of the Protestant Churches. By S. L. Baldwin, . . . $1 00

60. Into All the World. By Amos R. Wells. (F. M. S. C.) Cloth, net, . 50
Paper, net, . 35

61. Two Thousand Years of Missions Before Carey. By Lemuel C. Barnes. (M. C. L. No. I.) Net, ... 1 50

62. Nineteen Centuries of Missions. By Mrs. Wm. W. Scudder, ... 50

63. Opportunities in the Path of the Great Physician. By Valeria Penrose. (M. C. L. No. II.) Net, ... 1 00

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MISSIONARY BOARDS OF AMERICA.

For the benefit of Junior workers of various denominations we publish herewith a list of the names and addresses of the most important Mission Boards of America. The leader of each Junior Mission Study class should correspond at once with his own denominational Missionary Board. The Boards are always willing to send sample leaflets, reports, periodicals, catalogues of pamphlets, books, maps, and charts. These are absolutely essential to the real success of any Mission Study class. The Woman's Boards especially have excellent helps and accessories to study class work among children. These helps include songs, recitations, giving devices, missionary exercises, and papers. Send stamps for samples, and be willing to pay for bright up-to-date missionary literature.

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Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Nashville, Tenn.

Board of Foreign Missions of the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of North America, 2102 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Board of Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church, 1425 Christian Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church, 25 E. 22d Street, New York City.

Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, 1103 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

Foreign Mission Board of the National Baptist Convention, 547 Third Street, Louisville, Ky.

Cumberland Presbyterian Board of Missions, Holland Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, Fourth Avenue and 23d Street, New York.

Foreign Christian Missionary Society, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Home, Frontier, and Foreign Missionary Society of the United Brethren in Christ, Dayton, Ohio.

Missionary Department of the Methodist Church, Canada, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Mission Board of the Christian Church, Dayton, Ohio.

Student Volunteer Movement, 3 W. 29th Street, New York City.